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Uorica:

OR

TALES OF NÜRNBERG

FROM THE

Olden Time.

AFTER A MS. OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



Translated from the German

OF

AUGUST HAGEN.

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PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATORS.

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THE attention of the Translators was attracted to this little work by its graphic description of the state of art and manners in one of the most renowned of the old imperial cities of Germany, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The burgher life of Nürnberg; the taste and opulence of her patrician merchants; the character and works of her most eminent native artists, especially Albert Dürer; the reverence and passion for art which pervaded all classes of her citizens; the poetical guild of the Master-singers, with Hans Sachs at their head; the relations of the city with the empire; and the large amount of mental activity and refinement which it discloses in one of the great trading-cities of Europe on the eve of the Reformation—are here very skilfully wrought into the incidents of a popular narrative, and set

with remarkable vividness before the reader's eye. In the belief that others might find interest in the subject, and the work prove useful to such as love to explore the remains of mediæval wealth and greatness still subsisting in the old cities of South Germany, the following translation has been undertaken.

As the title and introduction may possibly mislead some readers, it is right to state, on the authority of communications recently received from the author himself, at the present time a professor in the University of Königsberg, what is the real character of his work, and from what sources the information contained in it is derived.

Among the books transferred from Nürnberg to Königsberg, and deposited in the library at the foundation of the University, a volume was discovered by the author, when in search of information respecting the history of art in Nürnberg, containing the three printed works of Dürer, which he has described in his preface ; and in the same volume was a MS. sheet, apparently of the sixteenth century, and brought from Nürnberg, which he hoped might furnish him with curious and instructive materials in furtherance of his

object. On examination, however, it was found to be nothing more than an extract of passages from the old poem of Teuerdank. It is therefore a very different thing from the Journal—ascribed in the preface to Heller, and said to occur in this same volume—which the author represents as the basis of the ensuing narrative. No such MS. as Heller's Journal exists, or ever has existed, in the University library at Königsberg; and the sheet actually found has no other connexion with the work now offered to the English reader, than that of having suggested the idea of it. How far a fiction of this character, and under such circumstances, is wholly defensible, the literary conscience of the public must be left to decide.

But the materials of the work are historical; their form only is fictitious. The characters introduced are real; and the principal events in which they are concerned, actually took place. Heller was a contemporary and correspondent of Dürer's. The great artist's letters to him have been published among the *Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer* (Nürnberg, 1828); and from these letters several passages have been inserted word for word in the following tale. Dürer's correspondence

with Pirckheimer has also been published in the same collection ; and from this we learn, that the Rosenthalerin, too, is no fiction. Besides printed works illustrative of Dürer and his times, several of which were called forth by the Dürer Commemoration Festival in 1828, the author has made use of a mass of MS. letters in the archives of Königsberg, containing the correspondence of the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg with different artists, and especially with those of Nürnberg. From these various sources he has acquired that intimate familiarity with the characters and events of a remote period, and imbued his mind with that deep feeling of its inner life and pervading spirit, of which he has here presented us with the fruits.

To preserve uniformity, and maintain a certain antique character which distinguishes the original, the German mode of spelling proper names has been observed throughout ; and for the same reason, the prefixes Herr and Frau have been retained in preference to their English equivalents. In some cases, this may have led to an appearance of affectation ; but it was thought better to adhere to the rule.

The reader's indulgence is craved for the attempts at versification in this little volume. The lines in the original do not rise above the character of such popular rhymes as we may suppose to have been current in Germany in the sixteenth century, and have been introduced rather as illustrations of manners than as specimens of poetry. As the metre of the original—often peculiar and elaborate, especially in the exercises of the Mastersingers—has been imitated with as much closeness as practicable throughout, it is feared that the English translation will read still more like doggrel than its German prototype.



Dedicated

WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT

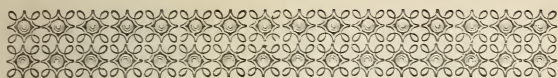
TO

THE ALBRECHT DÜRER ASSOCIATION

AND

THE CONSERVATORIUM OF ANTIQUITIES

IN THE CITY OF NÜRNBERG.



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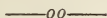
PART I.

FIRST SOJOURN IN NÜRNBERG.



INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.



Y great-uncle Gottsched, who fled from his native city in the fear that he might have to exchange the curls of his ecclesiastical peruke for the queue of a grenadier, was wont to say : “ Before Amsterdam arose, and Hamburg lifted up its head, Nürnberg was the Venice of Germany.” If we regard only its commercial and political prosperity, the judgment of this author, whom Pinkerton, as late as the year 1811, celebrates as the greatest critic of the Germans, cannot be disputed. But if we consider the

flourishing condition of the arts at that period, then may Nürnberg rather deserve to be called the Florence of Germany ; a title which another native poet, of a different stamp, has adjudged to another German city. Though separate rays of art early dawned upon various regions of Italy, these were united in Florence in a fountain of light, from which Fabriano and Sanzio, the founders of the Venetian and Roman schools, drew their illumination. Florence was the seminary of all the arts which, vying with each other, wreathed the fame of its magnanimous rulers with unfading crowns. In like manner did German art attain to similar dignity in Nürnberg, through an active competition, which was fostered by a generous expenditure, and assumed a peculiar form under the regulations of its various

guilds.* After this flourishing period of Nürnberg, if we except the constant progress in architecture, we know of individual artists indeed, but of no art in Germany.

My attention was directed to the history of art in Nürnberg by the discovery of a manuscript, which has appeared to

* The comparison between the artistic life in Florence and in Nürnberg may also not unaptly be extended to individual artists of these two cities, as, for example, between Lionardo da Vinci and Albrecht Dürer. Both, distinguished by an incomparable dignity of bearing, applied not to one merely, but to several arts, and both were men acquainted with theory. Both made essays in poetry and the plastic art. Lionardo threw out bold architectural plans, and Dürer shewed his knowledge of the art of building not merely by sketching designs for houses, but especially by his "Treatise on the Fortification of Castles." Both sought to develope the laws of perspective. We possess a work of Dürer's on "Fighting and Wrestling," and Lionardo designed a book of com-

me not unworthy of publication. It is from the hand of a Frankfurt merchant, Jacob Heller, who, having the advantage of some learning, but rather perhaps a lover of art than a connoisseur, resided for a considerable time in Nürnberg at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and noted down circumstantially whatever he saw and heard whilst there of artists and their works. The manu-

plete battles. Dürer produced an elaborate work on "the Study of the Horse," and Lionardo on "the Anatomy and Figure of Horses." Moreover, the paintings of both bear a considerable resemblance to each other. The earlier designs of Lionardo exhibit the slender forms, the long visages, the stiff gold-coloured hair, which we find in representations of saints of the oldest period. Mengs says of him, "His manner is somewhat dry; there is an extreme finish in his pictures; his colouring is rather too brown and red; and the folds of his drapery are somewhat broken." The same observation forces itself upon us in regard to Dürer.

script is preserved in the University library of this place.

Among the books which the Margrave Albrecht of Brandenburg, the founder of the University, presented to the library, occurs a folio containing writings of Dürer's. Albrecht probably obtained it through the well-known Lucas Cranach, to whom he wrote in the following terms :

“It is our friendly request, that you would purchase for us, and forward as speedily as possible, all the new and good books worth reading which have recently come out in your city or elsewhere, and which you can procure.”

In a letter of Cranach's, in which he complains that the money advanced by him for this purpose still remained unpaid after the lapse of years, the following words occur :

“ I wrote to your Grace last Christmas concerning the books which I forwarded to your Grace.”

The folio alluded to contains the following writings bound up together.

1st. “ Instructions in the Art of Mensuration with the Circle and Ruler, in Lines, Surfaces, and Solid Bodies, compiled by Albrecht Dürer, and printed with suitable figures, in the year 1525.”

2d. “ Certain Directions for the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Towns : printed at Nürnberg, 1527.”

3d. “ Herein are contained four books on the Proportions of the Human Body, devised and written by Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg, 1528.”

This folio was evidently at one time a valued treasure of Jacob Heller’s (though after his death carelessly thrown among lumber), since in it I found the manu-

script which I here give to the public. My wish to repair now, by its publication, the wrong of more than three hundred years, during which it has lain unnoticed in the folio, injured not by use, but by the place where it was reposed, has had to encounter not a few difficulties. There is a haste and carelessness in its composition, evidenced by the want of neatness in the manuscript, which is indeed difficult to decipher, so that few readers would be tempted by its contents to undergo the toil of giving it a perusal. Scarcely a single sentence is completed ; many things are twice or even three times repeated, without any reason ; no where is visible an effort to preserve uniformity, least of all in the orthography ; as, for instance, the name of Pirckheimer, often as it occurs, is always differently spelled. Thus, the

manuscript appeared to me to demand what Dürer says in one of his letters : “ Read it according to the sense !” and I saw myself compelled to violate the duty of a conscientious editor.

Meanwhile the improvements which I have allowed myself relate merely to the form, since I have carefully avoided substituting any foreign matter for the author’s own, commenting on him, or even re-modelling his judgments on art, however different these may be from present views. The antique style has been banished ; but I did not therefore wish to deprive the work of its antique character, and some pages of the original are given word for word. Still, as a whole, the book has been compressed and abbreviated, and in particular with regard to many letters which were added as vouchers, some have been altogether

omitted, and of others merely the contents have been given. Nothing is more difficult in innovations of this description, than to observe the due limits—where to retain the old, and where to alter it. It is hoped, therefore, that the candid reader will excuse an inequality in the style which could hardly be avoided.

THE EDITOR.

Königsberg, February 1829.






PRELIMINARY STATEMENT

BY THE AUTHOR,

JACOB HELLER.

—00—

T was in Passion-week, that I was kneeling before the altar of the Dominican Church in my native city of Frankfurt, and imploring of God the forgiveness of my sins. I knelt upon the stone which covered the grave of my deceased wife. With tears in my eyes, I looked up at the altar-piece, which, as is usual on festival days, was exposed to view. The panels which enclose it, painted on both sides, represent the figures of saints in such perfection, that only after comparing them with the centre-piece could the eye turn away. Never did the look of the glorified Virgin, as she rises to heaven,

free from the bonds of earth, amid a choir of lovely cherubs, fill me with a deeper sense of sadness and devotion. With no less yearning and sorrow did I look towards her, than the company of Apostles who are represented in the lower part of the picture as assembled around her grave.

Often had I regarded this work of art—which I myself had presented to the church—with love and admiration; but since the effect of the first impression, never had I felt myself so touched with its beauty as on this occasion.

Whilst I was thus entirely given up to my emotions, some one plucked my sleeve, and I perceived my dear son, who had been despatched after me to the church. “What have you brought me, dear Willibald?” I asked. “A letter from Nürnberg,” was his answer; “a letter from my godfather, which you have been long expecting.” As I stretched out my hand for the letter, with a kind feeling he held it back, and hesitated to give it up to me. I took it from him, and remarked

that the seal was black. Overcoming a slight shudder, I rapidly glanced over the letter, deeply moved at its contents. "Albrecht Dürer," I exclaimed, "thou art no longer a wanderer among mortals! thou glorious and pious master, who hast so well expressed thy feelings in this Assumption of Mary! It was in Passion-week that Art had to deplore the death of Raphael Sanzio; and it is in Passion-week also that thou, his friend, who even in thy death followest his example, takest thy departure from us."

I thought of the death of Albrecht, and of all the masters who, ten years before, on my second stay in Nürnberg, had given me such touching proofs of affection, and who were now no more. The Lord's-day was on this occasion more than ever only a celebration of delightful memories. "How long will it be," thought I, "ere I too shall have measured the span of life, and be united with the friends who are gone before! My purpose now be this, to leave a worthy legacy to those who are dear to me,—a legacy independent

of the uncertain riches of prosperity. In this desponding and unloving age, which will not smooth its brow at the touch of joy, let my legacy be the true confession that I have lived happily, and that man may still live happily on earth. To comfort, strengthen, and encourage the desponding, I am resolved to give a faithful and circumstantial account of the happiest days of my life."

In confidential intercourse with the first artists and scholars that ever lived, surrounded by the most glorious works of art that have ever existed, Nürnberg opened to me a paradise on earth. Since I intend to record for my relatives and friends what I have often related to them on a cheerful evening after the toils of the day, I am still afraid, notwithstanding my purpose strictly to follow the truth, that I may here and there unintentionally have departed from it. For, as I keep no journal but that of my expenses, and only copied from writings what struck me as remarkable; as, after my return home, I constantly received letters from the artists

of Nürnberg who were my friends ; as every one who brought me greetings thence was obliged to give me at table a particular account of all that was occurring in the field of art,—it may happen that my memory sometimes errs, and that I estimate the works of an artist by my value for the man ; that I do not always clearly distinguish earlier from later events ; and that I suppose I have seen with my own eyes what I only know from the report of others. He who has any pleasure in hearing my narrative to the end, will overlook my imperfections ; and he who will lend me no ear, has no right to subject me to reproach.





FIRST SOJOURN IN NÜRNBERG.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE INTO NÜRNBERG. ST. SEBALDUS' DAY.



MY FRIEND HANS IMHOFF of Nürnberg was known to me as a good business-friend long before my marriage. He had often invited me to pay him a visit, that I might admire the wonders of the old imperial city, and become acquainted with the remarkable men then living there, more especially with Albrecht Dürer, the prince of artists ; for he well knew my fondness both for art and science. I had already given employment to many painters, and was negotiating with Dürer himself for an altar-piece. As I had no ties of wife or children to detain me at home, and as I promised myself important business connexions from a journey to Nürn-

berg, Augsburg, and Regensburg, I resolved so much the more readily to accept the invitation.

It was at the end of July when I stepped into my travelling-wagon, and without delay pressed on to my destination. For I do not approve of hunting after sights right and left on a journey; because, to see any thing thoroughly requires repose, and this is inconsistent with quick travelling. Already at Erlangen, I saw the towers of the Pegnitzstadt* glittering in the horizon, and hoped in another hour to enter its gates. What at this point could be more vexatious to me than the following accident? One of my pair of black horses, plagued with the heat and the flies, flung out and struck the coachman just as he was mounting the box. He fell to the ground, never, as he thought, to rise again. The case, however, was not so bad as that; though it was bad enough, since I was compelled to give up the pleasure of

* The city of the Pegnitz,—the river on which Nürnberg stands.

going farther with him. I ordered the wounded man to be carried immediately into the inn, and commended him strictly to the care of the host. I then besought him to provide me with a clever driver, who would take me to Nürnberg, and who was well acquainted with the place. There I intended to remain till my own coachman could resume his duties. The host immediately introduced to me a trusty person who was just come in from Nürnberg, and who would be very happy to drive me thither, as he would otherwise have to go back on foot. This was just what I wanted, and I felt how constantly some unexpected good turns up as a compensation to him who quickly sets about remedying a misfortune. I asked the driver, who wore a blue smock, if he could find the house of Herr Hans Imhoff. "Yes, with my eyes blindfolded," was his reply. Scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed, when I was again seated in my wagon, and observed with satisfaction that my driver understood his business, and was,

moreover, a very shrewd fellow. So when he perceived that I was pleased with him, he quickly made me acquainted with every particular concerning himself, his dwelling, and his ancestors. I listened to him patiently, since no other subject of conversation just then offered itself. The towers of Nürnberg constantly stood out clearer in the blue distance, and the first object which arrested my eye was the wall of an old fortress, with outworks and watch-towers. I inquired concerning these objects, and he gave me the following account.

“Honoured sir, the greyest head in the city is not so grey as this wall, nor did any one now living see it rise. It has come down to us from the infernal days of heathendom. That thick round tower was built by the Emperor Nero. There was a devil for you! Nebuchadnezzar contented himself with hay, but Nero sucked nothing but pure human blood. There he sat on the watch-tower, like a crow upon the house-top, looking all around for his prey. Because he led this

wicked life here, the rock on which the tower stands was called Nero-berg;* and this is the true name of Nürnberg. And now the Emperor resides there, when he comes to us from Vienna—I mean, in the castle close by; but he does not go on in this way. That square tower with the four projecting windows there is the Lug-ins-Land,† which has already for many a goodly year overlooked the country, and may for many more, without being tired of looking.”

In the meantime we had approached pretty near the city, and so much the more impatient was I, when my coachman stopped. And yet I did not like to object. He went to the horses, stroked down their manes, unloosed their tails, and made them as clean as at that moment was possible. Then came his own turn. He combed his hair smooth with a great comb which he carried with him, then drew off his blue smock, and equipped himself in a better garb.

* Nero's rock.

† View over the country.

“Do all the Nürnbergers make such a point of neatness when they go into the city?” I asked, a little impatiently. “Yes,” he replied; “to-day no one would do otherwise, since then what would my lord Sebaldus say?” When he perceived that I knew nothing of this lord, he continued thus. “He is the first person in all Nürnberg; even when the Emperor Maximilian stays with us, he is of little importance compared with him. The palace of the emperor is great, but his is still greater. Do you see the church with the two towers there above the red roof? There dwells the holy Sebaldus. It is but little inferior to the Lorenz church, which has also two towers, but which lies farther off. Ay, you might travel far before you would find a minster like that of St. Lorenz. Yet, as I am a true man, to-day St. Sebaldus’s church out-tops them all—and rightly too, for to-day is the 19th of August, and the festal day of St. Sebaldus. The saint cannot fail to work some wonders.”

The coachman now remounted the box, and urged forward his horses. In his desire to tell me of the wonderful deeds of St. Sebaldus, he would not for a long time drive in, and kept repeating to me: "To-day is his festal day. There you will see life for once—jubilee and rejoicing indeed! Ay, he who has never had time to rest, to-day will sit quietly with his hands on his knees; and he who cannot move a foot for age, will to-day vie with the youngest in the dance; he who has lived the whole year on bread and salt, will not go to-day without his roast. If you would know, then, who is the first patron-saint of Nürnberg, I will tell you truly fine things of him. You will perhaps call them lies, and think they are but bath-stories;* but, believe me, it is all written down as I tell you.

"In the time of the Emperor Constantine,

* The baths, which were formerly much frequented at Nürnberg, had an ill name for the lies that were hatched there. "That comes from the bath," was a proverbial expression for a lie.

there lived in Denmark a god-fearing king, and his queen was so too. For a long time they had prayed for children in vain, and had made a vow, that if ever they should have one, they would bring it up for a paragon of every virtue. And in truth, when their son Sebal-dus was born to them, they spared on him neither labour nor expense. At the age of fifteen, they sent him to the University of Paris, and there he soon knew by heart and understood the sense of all sacred learning, so that he put the doctors themselves to shame. He returned to his parents, pure in his life, and full of superhuman wisdom. And when they proposed to him to marry, he shewed that amidst all the fame which he had acquired abroad, he had not forgotten the obedience of a son. With great simplicity he asked what maiden he should marry ; since their will would be his choice.

“Whilst his parents were taking it into consideration, it so happened, that a swallow flew by with a lock of woman’s hair in its bill ; and, as is common with these birds, passed to

and fro several times, and at length laid the hair at the feet of the young man. They all thought this a divine appointment, and that the woman to whom this hair belonged was destined to be his wife. The young lord Sebaldus was as handsome and manly as he was rich and noble ; and so it happened that the maidens far and near, whose hair was of similar brown colour with this single lock, strove to prove their right to it, as an invaluable treasure. There was not one who had not her little tale to tell, how she had lost this hair, and how she alone deserved the preference before all her rivals. Among them also was many a wanton damsel, who ventured to approach the pious lord Sebaldus. How all the people in the city, ay, indeed in all Denmark, stared, when he made choice of the most wanton of them all ! She was one from Paris. His parents were ready to expire with vexation, but the hair matched, and Sebaldus thought himself happy to be so early called to convert a sinner from the error of her ways. The business of conversion was difficult, and

would never have been accomplished, had not his chosen one, notwithstanding her levity in other respects, conceived a decided affection for him. Instead of joking, toying, and dancing, she was now seen only to weep and pray, and mortify herself. Once and again he bound her by an oath never to give her love to any other man besides himself. And now, when a pious penitent had grown out of a light-minded worldling, the day for the nuptials was fixed. The wedding—it was a genuine mourning feast! When all the guests had departed, and the newly-married pair were alone, the lord Sebaldus admonished her as was his custom, made her once more swear eternal fidelity to him, and then represented to her, how a marriage had nothing criminal in it, but how a holy marriage was, of all relations on the earth, the most pleasing in the sight of God. For a long time the bride could not see the meaning of this, but as he did not fail in eloquent words, she was compelled at last to assent. Once more did he make her renew her vow of fidelity to

him, and then fled from her, and never saw her more.

“The lord Sebaldus now gave his money to the famishing, his beautiful clothes to the naked, and clad in a coarse garment withdrew to a wood, there built himself a hut with boughs of trees, and subsisted on wild fruits. Every earthly vanity he had cast aside, and thus easily ascended by the ladder of prayer to the presence of God. As he had once healed a cripple by invoking all the saints, the fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and attested the blessing of solitude, which had been so propitious to him. From all quarters the wretched and the heavy-laden flocked to him, and he raised them up from the burden of their sorrows. Other god-inspired men joined themselves to him, and often, when they complained of hunger, he related to them the history of the five loaves and two fishes; and they felt themselves the more edified, when an empty pitcher immediately became filled with wine, and an angel brought them bread. When the lord Sebaldus had

satisfied his soul with prayer, he resolved to travel with his companions to the holy father at Rome. The Pope graciously extended his slipper to the man of God, and granted him the office of instructing and converting all the heathens in Germany beyond the Danube.

“But the lord Sebaldus could not restrain his zeal, and entered upon his office from the moment that he left Rome. It would take too long to relate, how he preached so as to soften the stony heart; how he made the blind to see and the lame to walk, the deaf to hear and the hungry to go away filled. He gained much praise, but some derision also. The latter he willingly endured, since it shewed him he had still something to convert. Thus, some one once cried out, when he was preaching, ‘People, believe him not! Sebaldus is a liar. It is as true as that I cannot fly without wings, that the lord Sebaldus has wrought no miracle.’ Scarcely had the heretic said this, when he found it difficult to stand, could not set his feet firmly on the ground, stretched out his arms as if he would seize

hold of the air, and as he struggled, felt that he was continually rising higher; and, like a bit of down, ever driven upwards by the wind, he atoned for his guilt, and cried vehemently. Then did Sebaldus pray for him, and the mocker found rest again, and prayed with him. With difficulty did the man of God continue his journey. Nature was just in the struggle between winter and spring, and it happened that when the saint reached the bank of the Danube, the rush of ice broke the bridge in pieces, and carried it away. His companions, the holy Wilibaldus and Wunibaldus, looked tremblingly at their leader. He trembled not, but throwing off his cowl, laid it on the water, stepped on to it, and swam across the raging flood, which scarcely wetted his feet.

“On the farther side of the river, a woman saw him; and when he reached the shore, somewhat frozen, but otherwise well and in good condition, she knelt before him, and cried out, that God had been gracious to her, in that he had permitted her to be-

hold such a miracle with living eyes. She immediately led the lord Sebaldus into her thatched cottage. It was very cold, and she had no wood to kindle a fire. Her guest knew what to do, and bade her bring lumps of ice, and they burnt like dry wood. When the peasants in the neighbourhood heard this, they rejoiced, and they also took ice and tried it on the fire; but their hope soon melted away to water. The poor woman fell at the feet of the saint, and praised God. She then related to him, with tears, that she had yesterday lost all her worldly goods, that is to say, two oxen, which had escaped from the stall, and could no more be found. Meanwhile, night had come on, and the husband returned lamenting, with the tidings that he had sought for them in vain. The lord Sebaldus bade him go once more to the wood, and pray as he went, and he would find his oxen. 'In the night?' replied the peasant, with a grin. But the saint repeated his command, his wife overpowered him with her entreaties, and he went. He thought it

was night, but around him it was day, and his hand shone like the sun. He prayed, and found his cattle. How great was their joy and rapture when the oxen were led home again! The good couple knelt down and kissed the feet and hands of their benefactor. They besought him to say what they could bring him, not as a recompense, but in token of their gratitude. ‘Be pious, and I am thanked sufficiently,’ said Sebaldus. But the people, who were overflowing with gratitude, were not satisfied with this, and continued their entreaties with yet more earnestness. Departing from them, he cried out: ‘Who knows whether I may not some time ask you to render me a service, and who knows whether you will then do it for me?’ At this the poor people felt themselves humbled and grieved, and they protested that their gratitude was sincere.

“The holy man moved onwards with his travelling staff, and came into the country of Nürnberg. Here, in the Lorenz wood, he took up his abode; and his companions, who

had been separated from him at the Danube, rejoined him. The god-inspired men here did nothing but work miracles,—Wilibald and Wunibald, but above all, Sebaldus. The latter was still young when his last hour drew near. As he lay on his death-bed, his companions asked him, weeping, if he had any thing on his mind; where and how he wished to be buried, and other matters. The dying man then mentioned to his friends a woman, whose hut lay near Regensburg, not far from the Danube. To her they were to betake themselves, and ask her for the loan of her two oxen for a few days, that they might draw his bier. No one was to guide the beasts, and at the place whither they themselves went and stood still, there would he be buried. The holy Sebaldus departed this life. His friends went directly to the woman; but she, when they made their request, asked who the lord Sebaldus was, and said that the oxen were just then at work in the fields; that they could not have them; that she was willing

to do a good turn to a living person, in the hope of receiving the same again, but not to one dead, from whom there was no hope of any recompense. Scarcely had the ungrateful woman spoken thus, when the furious steers broke open the door of the stall, and ran off. The two holy men shook their heads, and thought to themselves that they must hire other oxen. But when they got back, they saw the runaway beasts standing by the bier, to which they suffered themselves to be yoked as quietly as lambs. Being left to themselves, they wandered about hither and thither, and then bent their way to Nürnberg. Before St. Peter's Chapel they stood still, laid themselves down, and never rose up again. And there now rests, in blessed repose, the holy Sebaldus."

"If he rests after death," I interposed, "he is not like other saints."

"I did not mean that," resumed the narrator. "As soon as he was buried, and a miserable little shrine of wood was built over his grave, he could not rest till, at his own

instance, the same, together with the chapel of St. Peter, was reduced to ashes by lightning. It was seen then what a mighty guest they had received; so the corpse was laid in an immense coffin of pure silver, and over it they reared the mighty church of St. Sebaldus. Now he remains well pleased amongst us, and all the good and all the wicked receive from him their reward. The rich people put money into his coffer, which he distributes among beggars; and the poor bring him an offering of bread, fruit, wax, and whatever they have. And he knows quite well what every giver intends. There came a fierce soldier, who brought him wine, and poured it into the coffin, that the saint might drink it before his body became corrupted. While he was doing this, St. Sebaldus stretched out his dead hand, and marked him in such a way, that if he was still living, you would see the print of the five fingers on his cheek. A peasant lad is said to have once laid a cheese on the saint's grave for his lord; but when he saw that

more than one cheese had been already offered, and remained untouched, he thought that he might cleverly manage to keep his own cheese, and offer a stone that was just like it to the holy Sebaldus. The peasant thereupon began to bite into the cheese, but directly broke two or three of his teeth, for it was a stone. He wondered that he had thus deceived himself instead of others, slipped into the church, and secretly changed his gift. But the new cheese was no less hard than the former one; and he again lost some of his teeth. He changed it anew, but again paid the penalty. When he had lost all his teeth, he surrendered the cheese to St. Sebaldus, and threw away the stone to the place whence he took it. With the pious, however, the saint causes every thing to prosper. It happened in the lifetime of my great-grandfather, that a poor woman, with a dead child, ran into the church, and implored the patron-saint to restore it to life. And now listen!—when the priest was performing the service, the child awaked, and

said quite loud, ‘Amen,’ though it was only three months old.—He is the friend of all in need; and what you would not believe, the chaste and holy Sebaldus assists even women in the hour of child-birth.”

Very glad I was when the rattling of the carriage over the stone pavement put a stop to my driver’s flow of talk, and we at length entered the gate near the castle-court. I asked at the gate what time it was, and learnt that, although it was still in the forenoon, the clock had just struck two. I began to think I had got into a city of fools. I learnt afterwards that they here adopt the Italian mode of reckoning time, and that in the month of August their two o’clock would answer to our nine in the morning. Of foolery, however, there was no lack; and it seemed to me as if the whole city were a ball-room, and the citizens were nothing but boys allowed to run wild. Every where was fiddling and drumming, and every where feasting and dancing. People who were quite grown up surrounded my carriage in

piebald dresses with masks,* and asked me all sorts of ridiculous questions. I was at first vexed with this folly; but I afterwards joined in the laughter of my coachman, who fairly held both his sides. I turned to him, and directed him to take the nearest way to Herr Imhoff's house. This, however, with the best will, he could not do; for in every open place, and wherever two wide streets crossed each other, bowers were erected, gaily adorned with chaplets of fir and divers-coloured ribbons, in some of which they were carousing and feasting, and in others dancing to pipes. At length, though with no little trouble, we reached the desired house. We knocked, but no one opened the door. After waiting a long time, a kind neighbour explained to us that Herr Imhoff with all his family were gone to Neunhof, and would not return before evening. A Job's comforter, truly! The coachman coolly turned to me, and said: "I could have told

* The word in the original MS. is "Schönbärten," that is, masks with beards; it probably means false beards.

you that beforehand; for on St. Sebaldus's day no one is at home. Genteel folks drive out into the country, and the poor saunter up and down the streets. If you would like it, honoured sir, I can give my horses a drop of water here, and then drive you to Neunhof; it is only four or five miles off. Herr Imhoff is spending a pleasant day there with the old gentleman, his father-in-law, Pirckheimer." "No, no," said I, somewhat peevishly; "drive me to the nearest and best inn." "The nearest and best," replied the man, "is the Golden Rose, in the Rathhaus-Platz;* there you will have good entertainment." Again he set forwards; and although I encountered many annoyances, yet the wild joy that shone in every countenance around me completely carried me away into the whirlpool of pleasure, and the Golden Rose on the sign of my destined inn I accepted as a good omen. And the presage did not deceive me.

* The square of the Townhall.



CHAPTER II.

THE REMARKABLE PUBLIC WORKS OF ART IN NÜRNBERG.



HE host of the Golden Rose shewed me into a cheerful corner-room up one flight of stairs. "There, straight before you, worthy sir, you see the church of St. Sebaldus, in which there is much bustle to-day; and there, at the side, the Townhall, the two most important buildings in the city. The festive procession which will take place in an hour's time, you will be able to observe quite conveniently from this window." So said the host, who united with a comfortable corpulency a quiet and easy nature. But I do not like a stay-at-home life in a strange place, especially during the first few days. No sooner had I taken some refreshment and shaken the dust from my shoes, than I left the inn, not troubled about finding it again,

as St. Sebaldus, with its two towers, was to be seen at every point, like a lighthouse, to guide me safe into the haven. Passing the townhall, I went straight along the street, and came out into the principal market, which is about half-way between that church and the one dedicated to St. Lorenz. Hardly had I entered the market, when my eye was arrested by the most beautiful fountain that ever was seen. An elegant little tower of considerable height, ingeniously broken by thousands of arches and gables, and surrounded by many statues, rises majestically above the basin. The statues seemed to consist entirely of the figures of heroes, many of which were adorned with the electoral mantle. As I stood full of wonder before the fountain, a well-dressed young man came up to me, and repeated an old song, in which the heroes were all named. I have only been able to remember the beginning :

“ In Nürnberg market a fountain stands;
Search where you may through distant lands,
It's like you ne'er will see.”

The young man's name was Stephen Paumgärtner: he was a friend of Dürer's. When I asked him who had executed this work of art, he shewed me on the armour of one of the statues, which represented Charlemagne, the name of Schonhofer. "It is an old master," said he, "of whom nothing else is known." "We know quite enough of him," replied I, "by only looking at this fountain." "He certainly possessed skill," resumed the other; "but he is not to be compared with one Adam Krafft, a worker in stone,* now living. Here, in the church of our Lady,"†—he pointed towards a small church in the market-place,—“you can see what each has produced. The church is by Schonhofer, but the curiously wrought chapel over the entrance is by our Krafft, our most accomplished architect and sculptor.” I still stood before the fountain like one enchanted. Just

* Worker in stone (Stein-metz) was the name given to sculptors who were also architects.

† "The hall of our Lady" (Frauensaal). Charles IV. erected the church, and called it "the Hall of our dear Lady." It was also called the Imperial Chapel.

then the clock on the church of our Lady struck the hour, and Paumgärtner dragged me towards the church to see "the Männleinlaufen," or moving figures. This was the name given to the ingenious piece of clock-work over the entrance of the church, because every hour there was a procession of brightly painted and moving figures.

It had a very comical effect. On his throne sat the Emperor Charles. A herald appeared, followed by four trumpeters, and after them came seven electors, with the insignia of the empire. The former, as soon as they came in front of the emperor, put the trumpet to their mouth, and the latter very gracefully took off their ermined caps. Above the emperor, sitting in triumph, were the words, "Man, remember thy end," for the figure of Death struck the hours on the clock with his scythe. Paumgärtner explained to me that these beautiful figures were wrought in copper by Master Sebastian Lindenast, who had received for his work various privileges from the Emperor Max. I now surveyed the

church, which was but small, and admired the beautiful architecture, especially that of the entrance, over which there was a balcony, from which, on certain holidays, choice relics kept there were shewn to the people by a priest; the imperial crown, the sceptre and globe, the remains of the manger in which the Saviour was laid, of the cover of the table at the Last Supper, and of the crown of thorns. I intended at some future time to have every thing shewn to me that was worthy to be seen; but the longer I stayed in Nürnberg, the more impossible this appeared to me, for in that place there is indeed much to be seen.

By the advice of Herr Paumgärtner, I now betook myself to the church of St. Lorenz, in order to see there the Sacrament-shrine of Adam Krafft, which he described to me as the most perfect work of art. The direct way to it led me over the King's Bridge, from which the eye sees the yellow waters of the Pegnitz breaking against the shores of fruitful islands. I stood now before

the minster of St. Lorenz, and the church of our Lady was forgotten. When I saw the gable, with its circular window like a star, rising up between the two towers with their gilded spires, and the rich sculptures of the entrance, I thought at the moment that architecture could surely achieve nothing higher; but when I entered the church, and beheld the vaulted roof aspiring to heaven, I was in doubt. Quite inspiring is a glance between the rows of piers, whose arches unite as if to form an embowered walk. It is astonishing how the stone seems to have forgotten its nature, and to rise at the bidding of art, exactly as the branches shoot up by the vital power in the trunk. I wandered over the vast space with uncertain step, till I stopped in astonishment at a pillar close to the high altar. For it was here that the ingeniously-wrought shrine, in which the bishop's hand preserves the host, towered upwards slender and elegant. The branches, tendrils, and leaves did not seem to be carved out of stone, but rather appeared to be leaves, tendrils, and

branches turned into stone. And in fact the Sacrament-shrine, sixty feet high, was not a product of the chisel, but of casting,* for Krafft's superhuman power knew how to soften stone, and to pour it into moulds. The figures of the master himself and his two assistants, in a kneeling attitude, support the balustrade which surrounds the structure; the former a venerable bald-headed old man with a beard, who looked up with as mild an expression as that of the other two was clownish and crabbed. Above these was the holy shrine, protected on each of the four sides by a lattice-work of brass. And then flowers and branches, beautifully entwined, wreathed the delicate lantern tower, whose summit ends in a crook. Between the shafts and branches were placed graceful pieces of sculpture, which represented the history of the Saviour's passion, from the prayer on the Mount of Olives to his resurrection. The officious sacristan, who, without being sum-

* The secret art of casting in stone has long been known to be a fable.

moned, placed himself at my side, and seemed to think that the more explanation he gave, the more money would be forthcoming as a fee, annoyed me not a little. Of all the things which he told me, only one gave me any pleasure to hear, namely, that my friend Imhoff had founded a memorial of himself here by presenting this work of art. He almost dragged me away by force from this crown of human invention, and shewed me a large piece of carving which was suspended from the vaulted roof, and represented the Annunciation of Mary, a work by Veit Stoss; and beyond it, the painted windows, which shone with a dazzling brilliancy, like sapphires and rubies, of which one (the Volckamer window) represented the genealogy of the Mother of God, and the other (the Margrave window) exhibited the portraits of the Burgraves of Zollern. The city artist, Veit Hirschvogel, had painted this window; who, like Veit Stoss, was still living, and a contemporary of the greater Krafft. Although after looking at these remarkable productions of art, I glanced at the

different altar-pieces, which my conductor described to me at full length, yet the Sacrament-shrine still stood before my eyes. As I returned to it again with longing looks, the man smiled, and asked me whether I had yet seen the tomb of St. Sebaldus by Peter Vischer, in the church of the same name. Upon my answering in the negative, he cried out again and again, "How you will open your eyes there! for Peter Vischer is, upon my soul, the first of artists." I looked at him doubtingly, whereat he became almost angry. "Have you really, then," he began again, "heard nothing of that most eminent red-smith,* Peter Vischer? Every where in Germany—what do I say, Germany?—every where in Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland, his renown is spread with his works. Not a potentate, many as come to Nürnberg, ever left the city without having visited Vischer's foundry; and many a prince has travelled hither merely to see him and his works; and

* The workers in brass were called red-smiths and red-founders.

no connoisseur such as you are ought in this matter to be less zealous than crowned heads. What is Krafft, and what is Vischer?"—I thought it was mere idle talk.

While the sacristan was still speaking, there arose shouts and sounds of rejoicing, and all the bells began to ring, and a hymn sounded forth amid trumpets and kettle-drums. "Now come, honoured sir, and see the festive procession which is passing our church to go to St. Sebaldus." I gazed at the Sacrament-shrine, and expressed my indifference about seeing any thing of that kind. "But the procession to-day will be most magnificent," said the sacristan, who burned with curiosity, and yet did not wish to move from my side. "Yes, follow me, for I have yet some glorious sculptures to point out to you outside the church, the production of Adam Krafft, that great master!" Nothing remained for me but to obey him. And I did not repent it; for here I saw the most beautiful youths and maidens in the most tasteful costumes. Even on this occasion it was evi-

dent, art was held in the highest consideration in Nürnberg.

As we came out of the church, the procession of priests had already passed by, and right and left, as far as the eye could reach, banners waved and tapers flickered. From all sides there arose a solemn sound of music and song. All ranks, and the guilds with the symbols of their occupations, followed in a motley throng. But I was most of all pleased with a train of young people gaily dressed, who represented the prophets and various saints. There I saw King David gorgeously arrayed in a purple mantle, with a golden crown on his head, playing the harp as he went along; and here St. Margaret, who bore in her hands a palm and a dragon. But the most beautiful of all was Ursula and her train, consisting of a number of the most beautiful maidens; and next to her came her chaste bridegroom, Æthérius, with a retinue of knights and squires. They were all dressed as beautifully and magnificently as one sees them represented in

old pictures. "Who is that maiden yonder, and the young man?" I asked the sacristan, though just then he was muttering prayers to himself. "The Ursula," said he, instructing me, "is Afra Tucherin, the daughter of the burgomaster, and her bridegroom is really her bridegroom, Hans Schäufelin, a pupil of Dürer's." His name was known to me; and the tasteful arrangement of the procession commended his art. Among the companions of Ursula, one maiden was more beautiful than all the rest, dressed in red, with a blue scarf, a true picture of the Madonna. How modestly she cast down her blue eyes, and in what natural tresses her fair hair fell upon her shoulders! When, after the space of about an hour, the procession had passed by, my guide pointed out to me the Mount of Olives which Adam Krafft had wrought under a window against a projecting buttress. Under a roof, which rested upon slender pillars, were seen the Saviour fervently praying, and the three disciples, their eyes heavy with sleep. Here a small lamp was

constantly burning. Perhaps it was because my mind was distracted, that this work did not particularly please me. I now thanked the sacristan for his trouble, and took the same road back again, in order to make a pilgrimage with the festive procession, which moved slowly on before me towards the tomb of St. Sebaldus. On the way I reflected how wonderfully all at once my feeling for art had changed; how on former occasions I had been such an enthusiastic admirer of paintings, and had passed by all sculptures with indifference. I had gone with the greatest attention from altar to altar in every church, and long afterwards enjoyed the remembrance of the pictures I had seen; and now I had hardly turned my back on St. Lorenz than I seemed no longer to remember a single painting. In the church of St. Sebaldus I resolved to repair my omission, and this time therefore I looked at the beautiful fountain in the market-place with only half glances, and so also at the front of the Sebaldus church, on which hung an enormous crucifix of bronze.

I forced my way with difficulty into the church, for the whole city seemed to be assembled in the open place before it. At the high altar, a bishop was just celebrating mass. I hastily looked at the woven tapestries which on this day clothed the walls of the church, and which represented the well-known miracles of St. Sebaldus ; hastily also at the baptismal font, which is called Wenzel, because the Emperor Wenzel, by his baptism in it, gave it the name. On the other hand, as with magnetic force, I felt myself drawn towards the chapel of bronze which stood in unparalleled magnificence in the middle of the church, and surrounded the silver coffin of St. Sebaldus, huge as a giant's tomb. On the pedestal I read this inscription :

“PETER VISCHER, CITIZEN OF NÜRNBERG, EXECUTED THIS WORK, WITH HIS SONS. IT IS DEDICATED TO THE SOLE PRAISE OF ALMIGHTY GOD, AND IN HONOUR OF ST. SEBALDUS, A PRINCE OF HEAVEN, WITH THE HELP OF ALMS FROM PIOUS PEOPLE.”

Beautifully wrought pillars supported arches of equal beauty in the vaulted roof cast in bronze. Against each pillar stood one of the twelve apostles, as the true supports of the holy church. Between the pillars stood tall candlesticks, such as are placed beside coffins, but closely examined, these candlesticks were found to be slender pillars which helped to bear the vaulted roof. Three little towers, variously perforated, crowned the work. But what shall I say of all the little figures, to many thousands, which were to be found above and below on the basement? Among them might be seen the leather apron of the indefatigable master, adorning him as his purple mantle a king. Most curious and amusing were many figures on the basement, which rested on crawling snails. I thought of the loquacious sacristan, and with shame I found his words to be true. I should have remained immovable before this work of art, without attending to what went on around me in the church, had not the gay procession, when the mass was

ended, advanced towards the tomb of St. Sebaldus in order to perform their devotions there. I retreated from the holy place, illuminated by this wonder of art. Only in passing did I look at the sculptures which ornamented the exterior of the back of the church with representations of scenes in the passion of Christ. A part of them I could see from my inn. They left me unaffected, although they came from the hand of Adam Krafft.

When I returned to my inn, I was received by the host, who had put on a smart coat, and tied over it a snow-white apron, with the words that I was just come at the right time, for the soup was already served up. He led me into his garden, where we dined under fragrant trees. A number of the first citizens were assembled at table, and lookers-on were not wanting from among the people; for on St. Sebaldus's day a license was given to all the poor alike, to collect the scraps from the tables of the rich.

Among the guests was Herr Paumgärtner,

who invited me to a place next himself and the Senator Paul Volckamer, a rather stiff gentleman. To Paumgärtner I burst forth in expressions of astonishment at all the glorious things I had seen. Volckamer asked me, whether I had observed the window which he had presented to the church of St. Lorenz, and it seemed to surprise him that I should have admired any thing else there but this. Many things were related about Nürnberg, of which they spoke with as fond a predilection as I listened to them with attention. The pleasure of the meal was further heightened by music, mountaineers from Bohemia joining in with their voices. The more freely the hospitality of the well-spread table was distributed among the poor, the heartier was the participation in this festivity. Among the unbidden guests, my eye was suddenly attracted by the same girl with the fair hair, full of graceful bashfulness, who, in the train of St. Ursula, pleased me better than the saint herself. Burning with eagerness, I turned to my young neighbour, and asked,

“Who is that maiden?” although many women were standing round. Paumgärtner immediately knew whom I meant, and said, “She is called Maria—Maria Rosenthalerin, a poor girl.” The name impressed me deeply, and I whispered to myself, “Maria! how could the maiden be called otherwise?”

In the meantime the health of the mighty emperor and king was drunk. I drank that of my queen, then that of the wise council; I drank also that of the fair-haired maiden; at last that of all the citizens of Nürnberg, and of the most beautiful ladies of Nürnberg. It did not escape my friend, that I looked at her fixedly; and as he was of a roguish disposition, he managed to contrive that I should see her quite near. He stood up, and begged to be allowed to address a word to the dignified assembly; then he laid before them, in a truly touching manner, how many a noble person was undeservedly suffering want on that day, while they themselves, smiled upon by the caprice of fortune, were opening their hearts to joy; how, be-

fore all, a poor and once industrious old man in their native town deserved the sympathy of the good, for blindness prevented him from earning his bread, and pride from begging it. Every one in the company declared himself ready to relieve with a trifle the distress of the old man, whose name was not mentioned. The speaker now stood up, took a plate, and went up to the beautiful Maria, in order that she might collect the donations. Who was more delighted than I? When the maiden presented the plate to me, I laid under the small silver coins a ducat. For this however I thought I might be allowed to look into the maiden's face, and I did not regret the price. But Maria would not take the piece of gold, and thought she ought to give it back to me. I drew back my hand, and Paumgärtner interposed as a mediator, while he said, "Take the gift, maiden; thou art collecting the money, not for thyself, but for thy aged father." She then made me a graceful reverence, shook the money out of the plate into a handkerchief, and with a face

beaming with joy, hastened directly from the place. My eyes followed her steps, and I felt my spirits wonderfully raised.





CHAPTER III.

THE ARTISTS VISCHER, KRAFFT, AND LINDENAST.



HE remark of the sacristan, that no one who had a soul for the glory of art should delay to visit the foundry of Vischer, still rang in my ears like a gospel. I resolved to inquire for Vischer's dwelling-place, that I might see face to face the man who, as a star of the first magnitude, seemed to me to outshine all others in Nürnberg. I thought, too, that this would be a good conclusion to St. Sebaldus's day, the noisy pleasures of which had sufficiently diverted me. It did certainly seem rather extraordinary that I, a stranger, should intrude late in the evening on the quiet hours of one whom I had heard described as the respectable father of a family, especially on a saint's day, when all the loving inmates

of a household, assembled after their wont around the social board, might be disagreeably surprised by the entrance among them of an uninvited guest. But all such considerations gave way to the ardent desire I felt to become acquainted with the skilful red-smith. A lad was soon found, who conducted me to Vischer's humble dwelling. I found the door open, and entered the dark ground-floor of the house, where I listened in vain for the sound of any thing stirring, and perceived at length, when my eye was by degrees accustomed to the darkness, an oaken chamber-door traced with brass. I knocked; but all was quiet as a mouse, and the key which was in the door alone gave me hope that some one might be at home.

I gave up the idea of speaking to the master of the house, and merely cherished the modest wish of ascertaining when I might visit him the next day. As no sound was heard in answer to my repeated knocking, I opened the door gently, and went into the room. Three persons were sitting there by

a table in their shirt-sleeves, and were drawing so diligently, that neither my knocking nor my footsteps were heard. I stood there embarrassed, and feared to break the solemn silence. At length I took heart, and stammered out a greeting. One of the three looked round, and pushed up a little his small black cap. He was a man about fifty-five years of age, with a somewhat flattened nose, and a brown and beautifully-curved beard. "What do you want?" he asked, abruptly. After I had mentioned my name and position, I stated to him my wish to speak with Master Vischer, and to see his foundry, if it would not be an interruption to him. "It is always an interruption to me, for I am never without some employment. There is nothing to see in my foundry, for nothing is doing there. Who knows whether a cast will ever be ordered again? Money is scarce, and art little valued." Thus spoke the old man, and I replied: "To-day I am afraid that I disturb you even more than usual, as I perceive you are giving in-

struction in drawing.” He laughed, and I saw my mistake, when the two others, who till then had sat leaning over the table, at last looked up. One of them was not much younger than the person who spoke to me, and the other, with a snow-white beard and bald head, full twelve years older. “Do people work so late in Nürnberg, and even on a saint’s day?” I asked, in order to begin a conversation; and Vischer replied that it was his custom at least, and that of the masters I saw before me, to practise themselves in drawing on the evening of festival-days, since the master who thought himself beyond the years of learning, was already beginning to unlearn. The young people—he meant his children—could never pass any saint’s day, especially that of St. Sebaldus, at home, and it was therefore necessary for him to take care of the house. The simplicity of manners which shewed itself in Vischer’s words reconciled me to him immediately, although he had returned my first greeting so roughly. He stood up,—a short, firm-

built man, with the neck of a Hercules,—and pressed my hand; for, as I answered the many questions he put to me, it preposessed him in my favour, that I had already, during my short stay in Nürnberg, seen so much. With unfeigned enthusiasm I praised the tomb of St. Sebaldus, which I called the crown of modern art. Yet not so much the praise I gave, as some remarks I made on his work, seemed a reason with him for marking me out from the common class of travellers. He now became restless, and, as if disconcerted, pushed his cap up and down, and then broke out into a lamentation, that he had nothing to set before me, that no one was at home, and that larder and cellar were locked up. I quieted him with the assurance that I had just made a very good supper, and begged him to have the goodness to introduce me to the other masters.

One of them was the ingenious Sebastian Lindenast, the artist of the admirable clock-work on the church of our Lady. He was a grave, quiet man, with long yellow hair

and a smooth chin. I extolled his work as incomparable ; he, however, refused my praise with these words : “ I, worthy sir, have only made the copper figures, only the images of the emperor and the electors ; it was my friend Hans Heuss who gave them a soul.” This was, in fact, the name of the famous locksmith, who constructed church-clocks in a way that no one else could. The third master, a man of seventy years, looked at me with his dark eye, whose youthful fire strikingly contrasted with his silver beard, as kindly and confidently as though we had already often greeted each other before. And truly I had already seen him—not himself actually, but a true representation of him—at the Sacrament-shrine in the church of St. Lorenz. It was Adam Krafft, the first worker in stone, not in Nürnberg only, but in the whole world. The old man stood up hale and hearty, placed a seat for me by his own, and did not conceal his satisfaction on hearing that I had already beheld his works with admiration, and hoped often to see

them again. On my inquiring what they were drawing, Master Lindenast took up the word. "We are in the habit of designing a common subject, each according to his own conception. To-day it was my turn to choose a subject, and a piece of sculpture at the Townhall, which has long displeased me, occasioned me to propose St. Martin, on horseback, dividing his mantle with the beggar. In that work the saint holds his sword in such a way, that one might imagine he intended to stab either himself or the beggar, and least of all, that he meant only to cut off a piece of his mantle."

As he spoke thus, I reflected on the subject, and expressed my sense of the difficulty of representing it clearly and satisfactorily. "The beggar implores; and Martin, instead of offering him alms, draws his sword. The horse ought to shew something of the martial feeling of the rider, and nevertheless, though unrestrained by the bridle, he should stand still, while the master has both hands occupied in cutting the mantle asunder. It would not

do to represent the beggar naked, and yet it should be apparent that the half cloak is destined for him." My remarks were approved of, and especially by Vischer, who all at once cried out, "It is generally our custom to meet and part as friends and brothers, without eating or drinking, but to-day must be an exception. We must entertain our guest, who speaks so sensibly, as befits him. I propose to you, therefore, my friends, that we let him (he is equally a stranger to us all, and therefore impartial,) pass judgment on our drawings, and make him to whom he shall award the prize, our host. We will go to the tavern close by, and he who has borne away the honour, shall have the trouble of providing, and pay the cost." All were satisfied with this proposal. I looked at the sketches for a longtime, and each one, considered separately, seemed not to be surpassed. The one by Lindenast was executed with most neatness and delicacy, and that by Vischer with the greatest vigour. The pitiable condition of the destitute beggar was in all three sketches

given with equal beauty, the head of the knight with the same character of nobleness, and the horse with the same expression of martial fire. In the sketch by Lindenast, Martin was seen cutting the mantle in two, with the evident consciousness, as he cast his eye upon it, that he shared it with the beggar from a Christian feeling. In that by Krafft, on the other hand, the undiverted look of the knight was fixed on the beggar, and with his sword he was dividing the cloak, careless how little might remain as a covering for himself. In Lindenast's sketch, the knight appeared to be still thinking, while he looked at the beggar; but here was expressed unbounded liberality. That the horse in both stood as if bound did not please me. In Vischer's drawing this was not the case. The horse seemed rather to be startled at the sight of the beggar in the road, and glanced his eye wrathfully aside, but with the rein, which his rider pressed with his elbows against his breast, he was compelled to be still. The knight looked not at the suppliant alone, but with

one hand cutting the mantle, with the other he was already presenting it to him. Here was the greatest truth and the greatest power. I praised all three drawings; but I frankly pointed out every defect, and without irritating any one. "Yes," said father Krafft, nodding his head, "Master Vischer has succeeded best to-day." "Just so!" cried Vischer; "you agree with him, and leave me to pay the reckoning. You understand it. But the stranger gentleman is quite right in deciding thus, for it would be a shame if the master of the house allowed his expenses to be paid by a friend." While I was still admiring the drawings, Krafft asked me, whether he might make me a present of his. I was highly delighted at this, and began: "How favoured you masters all are above other men! I have a right hand too, and that hand has fingers, yet I cannot draw a single straight line." "It is not my right hand only that is useful," said Krafft, smiling as he spoke, "but my left hand also." With that he took the red chalk, and touched up the sketch

in a style which few masters could have imitated even with the right hand. Krafft worked equally well either with the left or the right hand. Lindenast and Vischer also presented me with their drawings. Deeply touched by their kindness, I thanked them for their gifts, with the assurance that both my children and grandchildren should take delight in them. I requested the friendly donors to heighten the value of my presents by inscribing their names on them. Then they all looked at me with an expression of surprise, and said almost with one voice: "We are craftsmen, but not scribes. We do not know how to write!" Whereupon they inscribed their signatures in their own way. The first drew below his sketch a few small fishes;* the second, the branch of a tree in blossom,† with bees swarming around it; and the third, a Hercules bearing the globe of Atlas.‡

Cheerily we then betook ourselves to the tavern, and chatted over a glass of spark-

* Vischer.

† Linden-ast.

‡ Krafft.

ling wine, as though we had known each other from childhood. I could hardly believe what I saw ; that I, without an introduction, a mere merchant and stranger, should be passing the most joyous hours in such intimate communion with three of the first artists, the youngest of whom might have been my father. Such is the eternal youth of art. As children, after the first introduction, are immediately acquainted with one another, so all the lovers of art feel mutual affection, and full of childlike simplicity, forget both age and rank. Father Krafft was full of jokes, and said all sorts of things ; and when he heard that Herr Hans Imhoff was our mutual friend, he threw his arms about my neck and kissed me. Master Vischer compared our meeting in the tavern with a similar one in Rome, where he had remained longer than his two other companions in art, and took occasion to tell many a tale of Italian manners and merry-making. A serious turn was given to the conversation by Lindenast, who made many

a remark worthy of note concerning the arts which contended in that country for pre-eminence, and at length desired me to make a frank confession as to which was the more exalted art, Painting or Sculpture. The other masters supported him, and urged me to pronounce a judgment on this much-debated subject. I evaded the proposal for a long time, professing my inability. Before I came to Nürnberg I had directed my attention exclusively to paintings; here I had seen for the first time beautiful works in stone and bronze, and the impression they had left on me was so strong that my decision was completely what they, as cultivators of the plastic art, delighted to hear. Vischer, who sat opposite to me, supported his head with both hands, and looked at me with deep attention, while I began thus: "Poetry may easily deceive; we think we see what it paints: but History only, which despises all colours, can we trust. The former gives a fair shew; the latter, on the contrary, truth, cold and earnest like itself. The former

is full of intoxicating enchantment, the attraction of volatile youth ; the latter is the stable consolation of riper years. The comparison between Poetry and History is that between the seduction of Painting and the solid worth of Sculpture." I did not say this to flatter them, but because it was really the feeling of my heart. Our lively joyous talk made us forget the hours of the night, till the watchman's horn warned us to part.

We broke up together. First, friend Vischer was accompanied home by all the party ; then Lindenast separated from us ; and only Father Krafft would not quit me till I had reached the threshold of my own dwelling, that he might save me from the vexation of losing my way. I was sorry for the old man, that he should come so far for my sake, but all remonstrance was in vain. With pain I took leave of Krafft. How touchingly he assured me of his friendship ! What a solemn promise he exacted from me, that I would visit him shortly ! It was already late when I found myself in

my chamber ; but what I had seen and experienced on St. Sebaldus's day had so excited me, that it was long before I enjoyed the refreshment of sleep. I spread out before me the drawings I had received, and could not take my eye from Vischer's design. How sublime and glorious must this knight look in bronze ! So I thought ; and a resolution arose within me, which only a later day brought to maturity.





CHAPTER IV.

ALBRECHT DÜRER THE PAINTER. THE PICTURE OF
THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

FOR more than ten years I had been in correspondence with the merchant, Hans Imhoff. Although business letters are somewhat curt and dry, yet from the scrupulousness with which he attended to my commissions, from the ceremonious expressions which every now and then occurred, even from his stiff handwriting—I had formed an image of him, which did not, however, in the least agree with the person himself. For instead of a courtier, with a formal manner, there came into my room a man full of life and cheerfulness. Imhoff, who had just learnt from Master Krafft that I was staying in Nürnberg, came to visit me, full of prompt friendli-

ness, although it was yet quite early in the day. His request, that I would lodge in his house, I courteously declined, as I really was entertained very well at the Golden Rose. We had much talk together. The chapter on business was soon ended. My heart opened itself in his company, as I found in him a friend after my own mind: and, as in old age it does us good to hear a long-forgotten song of youth, so his love awakened in me the remembrance of a happy time. I told him of all the beautiful things I had seen, especially the works of Vischer. Imhoff smiled, when I called him the first artist in Nürnberg. "You do not yet know our Dürer!" he often repeated. "All that Nature generously distributes to different geniuses, she has combined in him alone. He is the greatest artist that ever lived. His works in gold and ivory, his woodcuts and copper-plates, his drawings and paintings, will ever remain unsurpassed." My looks expressed doubt, although as yet I had seen no picture by himself, only a few by his

pupils. "Wait till you have seen your altar-piece," said Imhoff, "and then you will know Dürer's worth." "I no longer wish for it," replied I; "I shall countermand it to-day. In fulfilment of a pious vow, I had determined to present an altar-piece to our Dominican church, but for this reason it must not be by Dürer. I will have nothing to do with Dürer, who has shewn himself but little generous in his behaviour towards me. There must surely be other good masters in Nürnberg, masters who will keep their word." As Imhoff seemed to be displeased with me speaking thus, I took out of my pocket-book some letters from Dürer, and read aloud the following passages :

"With the price agreed upon I am satisfied. If you are obliged to wait long, then know for your consolation, that if God only gives me the power, I will produce something for you which could be done by few." St. Augustine's day, 1516.

"You wish me to paint your picture well: and that is truly my intention. No

other person shall paint a stroke on the principal figure. But for the stipulated price of 130 gulden, I cannot execute the work for you. Give me therefore 200 gulden; and be assured that if I were to receive 400, I should have no profit." 1517.

"You bring an angry complaint against me of dealing dishonourably with you, and not keeping my word. You write me, that I had promised to execute the picture with the greatest possible diligence. That I cannot undertake to perform, even if I spent my whole life upon it; for, with the utmost diligence, I can hardly paint a single countenance in half a year; but your picture contains a hundred faces, to say nothing of the draperies, the landscape, and other things contained in it. Even if I had really promised it, you ought not to expect it and desire my injury." 1517.

"You have made known to me your displeasure, because I have not yet sent you the picture; yet I am conscious that I have worked at it zealously, and that I have had

no other work on my hands. I did not wish to hurry, because I aimed, by my diligence, to please you, and to gain renown for myself. Since you repent having entered into any engagement with me, I prefer my own injury to the loss of your friendship, and will take back the picture. The hundred gulden, which I have already received, I shall directly repay to Herr Hans Imhoff." 1518.

When I had read this, Imhoff told me that the week before Albrecht Dürer had actually come to him to refund the hundred gulden advanced, which, however, he would not receive without my authority. "You do not understand," said he, "the nature of art." And when I said, I considered that I had seen something of art, he repeated, "You do not understand it in your city of Frankfurt. The artist, even though he should be assisted by the prophetic power of Apollo, cannot say certainly beforehand when, and for what price, he will furnish this or that work. It is a different thing with us mer-

chants. Every commission given to us must be executed. If you order a pair of shoes from our poet, Hans Sachs, he will supply you with them at the appointed hour; but if you bespeak a poem from him, he cannot do it. No; believe me, you do not understand the thing. With this assurance I quieted the noble Dürer, who was hurt by your last letter. I represented to him, that you did not understand it, and then he took back the money.”

The frankness of Imhoff’s words, which seemed to me utterly without foundation, vexed me so much the more, because I feared that the painter, under the impression that I understood nothing, would take little pains with my picture. I willingly agreed to his proposal to conduct me to Dürer’s painting-room; yet I begged him not to betray my name there, as I wished first to look at his pictures unrecognised, in order to prevent a mutual embarrassment.

Imhoff led me by a circuitous path to Dürer’s house, in order to shew me a produc-

tion of Peter Vischer's, whose works I could not extol sufficiently. That is to say, I saw in the goose-market, at the fountain, the bronze figure of the GOOSE-MAN, a peasant in a homely but tasteful dress, who holds two geese under his arms, out of whose bills jets of water splash downwards. An admirable work, which raised still higher my estimation for this master in bronze casting. Conversation shortened the way to Dürer's house. I perceived immediately that it could not be far from the gate by which I had entered Nürnberg, for I can easily find my way in strange places. Dürer's house is a tolerably large corner-building of timber and plaster, three stories high. A bow window, which seemed to consist entirely of glass, and which projected from the corner of the second story, struck me the most, and rightly so ; for it was here, as Imhoff informed me, that the painter constantly worked. We were yet at some distance from the house, when my companion asked my permission to go on first, that he might announce the visit of a stranger, whom

he did not wish to name. "For," added he, "Master Albrecht makes a great point of being in full trim, and especially of having his hair carefully curled; and he gave me a long scolding lately, because I unexpectedly entered his room with a guest, and surprised him in his morning attire." Herr Imhoff ran on first, and I followed leisurely. As he had left the house-door open, I walked into the entrance, in order to wait for him there. Here I heard the following conversation in the adjoining room. It was Dürer's wife, Agnes, who was speaking in a hasty manner to Imhoff, in sharp tones almost like scolding. "Yes, good Herr Imhoff, you are always bringing strangers to my husband, who take him away from his work, and at last do not buy any thing. What will come of this? The whole of last week Albrecht was ill, and hardly touched the brush. Now he has to make up for it, and cannot be disturbed. He has lately paid twenty ducats for ultramarine. Ay, what will be the end of it, if he will always, out of pure fancy, choose

the most costly colours, and paint his pictures* over not once only, but ten times? No one pays for the work. Other painters here—they understand it; and their wives too live like princesses. Why Albrecht is now painting a picture—others would have finished ten pictures in the time—for one Heller in Frankfurt, and truly he is painting the picture for a heller;† for he will not even earn salt enough for his bread by it. You would not believe what it costs to keep so many young people, who are all strong and hearty, and who must eat, if they are to work. You came through the milk-market, did you not? What is the price of butter? It is fearful, how the price of every thing rises; one must learn to do without eating.”

Although Imhoff, being impatient, had many times wished to interrupt her, at this point for the first time could any check be put to her flow of words, and she granted his

* In the original, ‘Tafel,’ which, like the Italian ‘tavola,’ is used for a painting on wood.

† Heller, a small copper coin.

repeated request, to be allowed at least to see the paintings with an admirer of art. Her young brother-in-law, Hans Dürer, brought the keys, and led us up one flight of stairs into a large room; and by his friendliness I recovered by degrees from the clamour of the angry woman, which long after still rung in my ears. Hans, a good lad, lived in his brother's house, and was instructed by him in painting. When the room-door was opened, it really cost me some self-command to enter, for a reverential awe overcame me, while from all sides men and women in life-breathing forms gazed at me. The glow of the colouring dazzled, and the truth of the pictures startled me. Never had I seen any thing like it. I was first struck with a venerable portrait of an old man with white hair and many wrinkles—and underneath it I read the words: "This has Albrecht Dürer copied after his instructor, Michael Wohlgemuth, 1516, and he was thirty-two years old."

Here hung a wonderful picture of the Madonna, which, as Imhoff gave me to un-

derstand, Dürer had copied after an Italian painting, but which he had far surpassed. How modestly the Virgin looked down, and how sweetly the child played with the cherries and the butterfly in his hands! I could not tear myself away from the painting. I often uttered aloud Dürer's signature, A. D. (*Ade**), and always turned back again. "This painting is no longer the property of the master," said Imhoff. "It hung here for a long time, and he would have sold it for twenty-five gulden, when a bishop of Breslau gave him seventy-two gulden for it."

A large painting represented the "Last Judgment." Really he who beheld the condemned spirits, experienced their tortures, and he who looked on the blessed, shared their feelings. In a division under the picture was seen a row of people at prayer, all portraits of such a kind, that no one could doubt of the resemblance, even without knowing the persons.

* *Ade* is a corruption of the word "adieu."

Imhoff told me that this picture was intended to ornament the high altar in the church of St. Sebaldus. It was presented by the learned councillor Pirckheimer, who was a friend of Dürer's. His portrait was therefore to be observed here, with those of his daughters, the nun Charitas, and Felicitas, the wife of Imhoff. Close by was the bearded head of Dürer. It was a countenance like that of St. Andrew, and looked interesting from its compassionate expression, as if the master was sorry to be obliged to paint himself so beautiful, and his corpulent friend so ugly. But I thought I then first quite understood Dürer's compassionate look, when Imhoff pointed to a painting on canvass,* which had its face turned to the wall. It contained a sketch, and represented a naked woman as large as life, and indeed it was Frau Agnes. How stern she looked out with her dark eyes!

* In the original manuscript, 'Tuch,' which means cloth. Paintings on cloth are often mentioned, evidently for paintings on canvass.

I turned my eye from her to a small picture, in which Dürer had painted himself by the aid of a mirror—truly the mirrored image of a great soul! A picture like this, together with a collection of woodcuts, Dürer had lately sent to the first painter of Italy, Raphael Sanzio, to shew his veneration for him.

We admired these and the other pictures, of which there were so many, that one saw nothing of the room except the beams of the ceiling, black with age, and the inlaid floor. Besides these, were to be seen in frames, under glass, silver medals which had been struck after a design of Dürer's, and elegant works in ivory. From the roof hung some natural curiosities, cocoa-nuts, a saw-fish, horns of the unicorn, chamois, and buffalo.

At that moment the dignified and stately figure of Dürer entered the room. He had just taken a bath, and his chestnut-brown hair flowed down in a profusion of wavy ringlets, well arranged, over his shoulders on each side. So much earnestness and so

much gentleness I never saw blended in one countenance. His blue eye was all soul, and the lines of his mouth all sweetness ; but the expression of patience could not be disguised. As he perceived me, he arranged his fur-trimmed gown, which became him well. Dürer welcomed Herr Imhoff most heartily, and me not less so, who was introduced to him as a patron of the Fine Arts. Dürer, whose usual custom it was to say little, drew our attention in a few words to many of the paintings, and then spoke with apparent pleasure of a picture on which he was at that time engaged. Imhoff expressed a wish to see it, and the master was ready directly, when an easel had been placed, to bring in the picture. He brought it. It was the Assumption of the Virgin,—the painting intended for me. Imhoff looked at it in silent admiration, as if enchanted by a beauty never before seen. But I trembled with joyful astonishment, and, forgetting myself, gave vent aloud to the expression of my feelings.

“This Virgin—with what a holy joy she looks up and ascends to heaven! She has no need of a seraph’s wing, for her own purity, raised above human frailty, bears her up to the primal fount of light. This Virgin—with her blue eye full of heavenly longing, and her fair locks which flow down with an artless grace, she it is who has reconciled us with earth and heaven! All those groups of the loveliest little angel heads—how playfully they hold the robe of the Virgin! To look on their infantine innocence is a glance into heaven. How the Apostles at the grave of the Virgin gaze upwards, while the fragrance of a rich display of flowers breathes on her from the tomb, instead of the scent of decay! But what apostles! what angels! Their holiness and purity are reflected back again holier and purer in the countenance of Mary. How do even the red robe and dark-blue mantle express dignity! But her dark-blue eye and her fair locks distinctly say, that in her form the world of creations is exhausted!”

Thus I exclaimed, and found fault with my eye that it could not sufficiently comprehend the beauty of the picture. The longer I looked at the Virgin, the clearer it became to me that she was a true portrait of that maiden whose features were imprinted in ineffaceable characters on my heart. Yes, Maria Rosenthalerin greeted me in the picture. “And about *this* picture,” I began, “should I bargain and haggle? Nay, two hundred gulden seems to me a small price for it.” As I said this, the secret was disclosed. Albrecht was delighted to become acquainted with me personally, and then added, “Herr Imhoff, I must acknowledge, has represented you to me in rather unfavourable colours. He denied that you had any taste for our art, and I was on the point of parting with the picture, since I regretted the labour I had bestowed upon it. But now it belongs to you, even should you give me only half the price.” He pressed my hand like an old friend, and joy seemed to animate all his features. I apo-

logised for the improper tone of my letters, and confessed that Imhoff was not quite wrong, for that before my acquaintance with him, I had not known what painting was.

We were still earnestly talking about the picture which stood before me nearly completed, when Frau Agnes entered, who probably had been listening at the door, and had heard my name. She was well but plainly dressed, as became a good housekeeper; and into her looks, which were generally expressive of a suspicious, covetous, and quarrelsome temper, she tried to throw as much gentleness and friendliness as possible. She made a low curtsy to me, and after all sorts of friendly questions, she inquired how the painting pleased me at which her husband had worked already so long, nearly three years, and with so much enthusiasm. I extolled to her, now the glow of the colouring, now the conception, and now the expression of particular heads,—whereupon she broke out into the following protestation: “Yes, only think, here you see the most costly

ultramarine laid on with the purest nut-oil! Ultramarine has been lavished here to the amount of five-and-twenty gulden. All the ground was laid in with this, and then painted over more than once. If you keep it clean, the picture will look quite fresh even after five hundred years. On this centre figure Albrecht has worked quite alone with his own hand, to say nothing of the pupil who prepared the canvass. Ay, and a fine piece of gold, too, he got for whitening and gilding it, for the rich Herr Heller must have every thing done for him in the best possible way. Artists were here lately, who valued the picture at three hundred gulden, but it is worth more."

In this way the woman spoiled my enjoyment. Imhoff looked impatiently at her, and Dürer tapped her gently on the shoulder, with the words: "Dearest, leave the gentleman alone! If one would look at any thing, one must not speak." But still she could not be brought to silence for a long time. At last she exclaimed, "The gentleman would

like to see your woodcuts and engravings.— I will bring every thing up ; the Great and the Little Passion, the Life of Mary, St. Jerome in his hut, St. Anthony, and St. Eustasius, the Apocalypse — yes !—that is something for such a connoisseur.” In vain I begged her not to trouble herself, as I thought I had seen enough of the beautiful for to-day ; but no objections would satisfy her. Hardly had a quarter of an hour passed, when she was again up-stairs loaded with portfolios, sheets, and books, so that she could hardly hold them all with both hands. She shewed me some incomparably beautiful things, and did not fail, with every leaf, to tell me the price ; so that nothing remained for me but to buy a great part of the woodcuts and engravings. But friend Imhoff, who was greatly annoyed with the thing, at last compelled me to depart. I took my leave, and it was even harder for me to part from my picture than from Dürer, who promised soon to finish it for me.

On my way back, Imhoff let me into the

secret, that I might have purchased the plates much more cheaply, and that Frau Agnes might be bargained with. But I did not care for my money, for the things were indeed so beautiful.



CHAPTER V.

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S BOOK OF RECOLLECTIONS.



RARE intimacy we soon formed with each other,—the noble-minded Dürer and I. This I recognised most unequivocally in the fact, that he entrusted to me a book containing a notice of family incidents,—a book in which he was accustomed to note down whatever, whether of good or evil, befell him. As he had no children whose lips would perpetuate his memory, he thought that he ought not to mind the trouble this gave him.

FAMILY NOTICES.

“I, Albrecht Dürer, was born on St. Prudentius's day, which fell on a Friday, in the year 1471, according to the usual reckoning, in the free imperial city of Nürnberg. My remotest ancestors, of whom I know any

thing, lived in the kingdom of Hungary, and were country-people, whose occupation was the breeding of cattle and horses. My grandfather, Anthony, learned the goldsmith's art in the little town of Wardein, and things prospered with him. His eldest son, Albrecht Dürer, who was my dear father, learned the same craft ; he was a skilful and god-fearing man. He early set out on his travels, and came into Germany. Clever as he was, he yet found little employment, and roved about, unsettled, contending with want and distress. The lighter his knapsack, the heavier his journeyings ; and when in the evening, weary with his day's travel, he turned into an inn, his stomach was often obliged to rest as well as his feet. But God never forsakes his own ; and that proved itself in him. When he first beheld the towers of our city, he sighed, and exclaimed : " Hungry as thou now art, hungry must thou remain when the end of thy journey is reached." For he had neither relation nor friend in Nürnberg, not a stiver in his

pocket, nor any recommendation except his honest countenance. It was in the year 1455 that he entered the city. From ignorance of the place, instead of passing through the Thiergärtner gate, he entered by the Vestner gate, which lay close to it; and when he perceived his error, he was vexed to have gone round, for he was faint and weary.

On the same day, the wealthy Hans Pirckheimer was celebrating his marriage, and indeed at the citadel, which was the reason my father heard from a distance sounds of drums and trumpets. The rich men of Nürnberg were all invited to the feast, and the poor were there without invitation, that they might see the show, and also pick up something from the bridal table. In the court, where the great lime-tree still stands, the young people were engaged in various pastimes; and meat and drink were carried round in incredible abundance, and liberally distributed among the poor. The stranger-journeyman also received his share, and the good fare refreshed him so much, that he

quickly forgot his weariness. The gaily-dressed youths and maidens were to perform a great dance around the lime-tree, in honour of the bridal pair, and were practising its various positions and groupings. But the thing would not succeed; for each one thought he understood it, and danced after his own fashion, and there was nothing but disorder and confusion. My father then took courage,—for he understood these festal dances,—came forward, and offered to arrange them. His offers were accepted with great approval; all submitted to his directions; and the performance not only succeeded, but excited general attention on account of the many new and beautiful figures of the dance. Among the guests who were looking at the dance with admiration was Herr Hieronymus Haller. He inquired who had arranged it all; and the stranger was pointed out to him who had, unbidden, assisted in celebrating Pirckheimer's wedding. When Herr Haller, who was the first goldsmith in Nürnberg, found

that my father practised the same art, he appointed him to come to his house the next day, as he wished to see whether his skill as a workman corresponded to his prepossessing and modest demeanour.

Who now was happier than he? And when Herr Pirckheimer, the bridegroom, made him, further, a present of some gulden, he offered praise to his Creator, and extolled Nürnberg; and he never ceased to extol it and to offer praise during his whole life. Herr Haller was not deceived in the stranger. He took him forthwith into his house as a journeyman, and never parted with him till he also parted with his daughter, whom he gave him for his wife.

Barbara Hallerin, who was my dear mother, was then a pretty slender maiden, fifteen years of age. To begin housekeeping is a serious affair for a handicraftsman, and therefore Herr Pirckheimer,—whom may God reward in heaven!—kindly took my father into his charge. He lived in a large house opposite the church of our Lady, close

to the beautiful Fountain. He had besides a house at the back, which was situated in the Winkler-Strasse, and this he gave up to the young married pair. Barbara bore eighteen children, of whom, however, only three survived their parents, viz. myself, Albrecht; Andreas, who is now painter to the King of Poland, and who, if I die before him, will be my heir; and lastly Johann, who has likewise chosen our profession. Our dear parents bestowed unceasing diligence in bringing up their children to the honour of God, so that they might grow up in favour with Him and with men.

In the said house, then, I was born, and only a few months earlier, Wilibald Pirckheimer, who has been my friend from childhood, and will remain so to the grave. We continually played together in harmony, children of the same house; and a similarity of taste every day bound us closer to each other. He taught me what he had learned from his polished tutors, who were ecclesiastics. It was especially the history of the Romans

which filled us with delight and enthusiasm ; how by their bravery they had subdued all nations, and had become lords of the whole earth. I constructed balistæ and catapults, battering-rams and standards, and sketched the plan for fortifications which were laid out in the court. We fought, and conquered, and made triumphal processions with song and joyous din.

My father, who took particular pleasure in me, sent me to school, and wished that I should in future devote myself to learning, like Wilibald, as he discerned in me an aptitude for it. He held it for a good omen, that in the year of our birth the renowned Johannes Regiomontanus had come to Nürnberg,—a mathematician like none before him, as there will be none like after him. But he died while I was still a child of tender years. My father, therefore, gave up his intention ; and as I had now learned to read and write, he taught me the goldsmith's art. It was greatly to my advantage that I had practised drawing diligently, and had in our

military sports made designs* of coats of arms for Wilibald. I learned to work neatly, and in some of my productions I succeeded very well. Thus I made the hilt of a dagger for the Emperor Maximilian, which he was accustomed to use as a seal, and on which, besides the Lord Christ on the cross, Mary and John and others were represented in neat and wonderfully small figures.

Nevertheless, I took greater pleasure in painting than in working as a goldsmith, and I could not conceal it from my father. He was not pleased with this, for he grieved at the time that I had lost. But as my inclination for it did not diminish, he resolved to put me under the tuition of Martin Schön, a very celebrated painter at that time in Colmar. But as it befel me with the mathematician, so it was now. Master Schön died, before I had enjoyed his instructions, in the year 1486. My father now put me under Michael Wohlgemuth for three years, since

* In the original, 'Visierungen,' designs, patterns, cartoons.

he painted the best pictures in Nürnberg. God bestowed his blessing on my diligence, and the master requited with his entire trust my childlike reverence. Never shall I forget the kindness I received from the venerable Wohlgemuth. Yet in his house I had much to suffer from malicious fellow-workmen, who, because I was young and bore every thing patiently, pushed me about and ill-treated me. But they have got their reward, and one of them who formerly beat me, and said I should never understand any thing, is at this day actually receiving alms from me. I give, without reminding him of his former conduct.

When I had completed my apprenticeship, I set out on my travels. Master Wohlgemuth parted from me as a father, with tears, and to conceal his sorrow, said smiling, that it was well I was going, as else he should have driven me away out of jealousy. In the year 1490, my dear father sent me into the Netherlands, and there I remained four whole years. I left my native city as a jour-

neyman, and greeted it again as a master, and the fame of my great skill preceded me. My father had a friend named Hans Frey, who played well on the harp, and was an ingenious master in small waterworks. This man was of opinion that no men are better off than painters, and that they get their bread in the easiest way. He wished, therefore, his daughter Agnes to marry a painter, and indeed the most eminent that there was. When Herr Frey then heard of my skill—for the people called me the German Apelles—he began to negotiate with my father about his daughter. The young maiden, Agnes Freyin, was in this manner bestowed on me, and with her 200 gulden, with which I purchased the house in the Zissel-Gasse. Hans Frey furnished the wedding-feast, which was indeed splendid. This happened in the year 1494.

It was in the eighth year of my marriage that a fearful comet was seen in the heavens. I myself was uninjured by it. But my dear father suddenly fell sick, and a burning fever seized him in the midst of his unceasing and

ingenious labours. My filial affection led me to his sick bed, and I did not quit it through two whole nights. On the third night, sleep overcame me, and my mother watched while I went up into the chamber. The patient was restless, for the hot fit was on him, and, in an exhausted state, he got out of bed. Big drops of sweat fell from his forehead, and he complained of thirst. My mother gave him a little wine. But he scarcely tasted it, wished to get into bed again, and thanked her. From that hour he grasped the coverlid convulsively;* the afflicted wife lighted the lamp, and repeated to him some verses of St. Bernard (a death-bed hymn), and when she had ended the third verse he was gone. God

* In the original, "*hatt er von Stund an in die Zwng gegriffen.*" These words are not equivalent to the modern German, "*in die letzten Züge gefallen*" (come to the last gasp). In East Prussia, and especially in Königsberg, many antiquated phrases of the old Nürnberg dialect are still in use; as, for instance, "Züge" for "Bettüberzug" (bed-cover), "Zwele" for "Handtuch" (towel), "Schaff" for "Schränk" (chest), "Spannbett" for "Bettgestell" (bedstead), rendered "Bettlade" (press-bed).—These old words occur in the original manuscript.

be merciful to him! When the housemaid heard the old man groaning, she ran quickly to my chamber, and awakened me. But I came too late. With deep grief I perceived that I had not been worthy to be present at his death. O ye my friends, I beseech you all, for God's sake, to remember his soul with a Pater-noster and Ave-Maria, as you love your own souls. For one who had lived so well, the departure from this world could not come amiss. When my father, two days before his death, was receiving the holy sacraments, he commended my mother to my care, a poor afflicted widow—(for he had never earned more than sufficed for his daily wants)—and bade us live in the fear of God.

I now took my mother to my home, and my youngest brother Hans also. My brother Andreas was in a foreign land. My mother Barbara, good and pious woman as she was, bore my father's blessed departure like a Christian. As she had had many children, and a small income, she was obliged to do every thing herself, even washing and cooking, and was

inured to pain and privation. She had often been ill, and had had to bear, among other trials, the contempt, sneers, and scoffs of her slanderous neighbours; but her disposition was not revengeful, and she bore all with patience. After she became a widow, she was regularly to be seen at church, and she duly reprimanded me if I did not also shew myself devout. Her chief concern was, that I and all who belonged to her should be preserved from sin; and whenever I went out or came in, her words always were, "In the name of Christ." Her holy admonitions did my soul good; and her good works, and the tenderness which she shewed towards every one, I can never sufficiently extol. We lived peacefully together. The year before her death she was very ailing. In the year 1503 a great prodigy happened. Crosses fell down every where from heaven on many people, and especially on children. A little cross of this kind fell in my mother's lap as she sat in the court; and she wept and mourned, because she feared she was to die. The cross

had this appearance. [*In the original manuscript a cross was sketched here with the pen.*]

One morning — it was in Passion-week — my mother did not make her appearance. We knocked at her chamber-door, but no one answered, and the door was bolted. So I forced it open, and found my mother in a mortal sickness. Both sacraments were administered to her, for her end seemed nigh. She still suffered, however, some time longer, till at length, on the 17th of May, 1504, my pious mother, Barbara Dürerin, departed like a Christian, and, by the power of the Pope, was absolved from all penalty and guilt. She gave me her blessing, and wished me a divine peace. She feared death; but “to come before God,” she said, “she did not fear.” She had a painful end; for she often asked for holy water, to free her from her anguish, till her eyes grew dim. I prayed with her. I cannot describe the great pain I suffered on her account. She was sixty-three years old; and I buried her with as much honour as my means admitted. God

be gracious to her! She has found her reward, and in death looked much lovelier than when she was still living. God grant me a like blessing in my last hour, and may He with his heavenly host, and, with my father and my mother, be present at my end, and grant me eternal life. Amen!

In the year 1505, the German Company at Venice negotiated with me to come and adorn their church with paintings. There was much writing backwards and forwards before I could resolve on this journey, in order to banish the thoughts of death, which had haunted me since my mother's departure. I went to Venice for the sake of art, not for the gain, for that was trifling. I parted unwillingly from my friends, especially from Wilibald Pirckheimer, who had always been my comfort, and I promised to write to him constantly. In 1507 I betook myself to Venice for a year."

Unfortunately the family narrative, which had been written down shortly before his

departure for Venice, did not extend beyond the year 1507. Then followed some letters of a later date, which had been preserved in part intentionally, and partly by accident, some poems and household memoranda.

“ What now follows, concerns my prosperity, which I have acquired by severe labour. Never has it been my good fortune to gain much. On the contrary, I have had great losses, since I have lent money which I have never received again; and my journeymen anticipated all my profits, and one of them died at Rome, and so I lost by him. In the thirteenth year of my marriage, I had to defray a large debt which I had contracted at Venice.

My household furniture is tolerably rich in clothes, pewter-ware, beds, cupboards, presses, implements, and colours, which alone are worth 100 Rhenish gulden.

Written on Trinity Sunday, in the year 1508.

In the year 1509 I began to write my

first rhymes ; but I did not yet understand how rightly to set about it, till Wilibald Pirckheimer gave me instruction. I then wrote out in rhyme many a good rule of life. Pirckheimer was pleased with my attempt ; but the Secretary of the Council, Lazarus Spengler, made a joke of it, and sent me the following verses :

“ In nature many things we see
Conjoined, which yet do not agree ;
But one I now will here recite,
Which must your laughter sure excite.
Whene’er of Nürnberg you hear,
His name as oft will meet your ear,
Whom, far and wide, for skill revered—
With crisped hair and flowing beard—
Nature, ’mid all her works around,
A painter from his birth has owned.
But since he can both read and write,
Forsooth he needs must verse indite :
Far better if he ne’er had tried it,
Because to read is to deride it.
A lesson he might learn, I ween,
From the poor cobbler, who had seen
A picture, and forthwith exclaimed,
‘ The shoe is bad.’ The artist, shamed,
Altered the shoe to suit the mode,
Which the sage critic understood.
But when, elate—so says my song—
Crispin declared the coat was wrong,

‘ My friend, you claim the tailor’s due,’
Replied the artist,—‘ mind your shoe ;
Stick to your last, and ne’er forsake it.’
Here is thy lesson, painter ; take it.”

To which I replied as follows :

“ A scribe, whose ready hand can trace
Whate’er needs record in this place,
Has freely played his wit on me
For small attempts in poetry ;
His verse with nonsense largely freighted,
And me with that old cobbler mated,
Who, seeing once Apelles’ limning,
Condemned himself in that condemning—
‘ Aim not above a painter’s praise,’
Quoth he. But yet my voice I’ll raise.
To learn what still beyond us lies,
Ne’er yet was censured by the wise.
He who on one thing always dwells,
Nor cares or labours for aught else,
Is like the scribe—so wondrous clever—
Who still, to one thing constant ever,
Drew all his deeds—the modest soul!—
In one set form of protocol.
Before him once a party came—
Drawn was the deed, all but the name :
Götz Rosensamen that ; so queer
And strange it sounded in his ear,
He could not on his sheet engross it.
‘ What’s this?’ he cried ; ‘ why did you choose it?
Such name I never did indite—
Here Franz and Fritz we always write.’

Would I escape such sore disgrace,
I must with growing needs keep pace.
Time ever fresh material brings ;
The future nettle early stings.
The doctor's art I'll practise too ;
A wholesome course prescribe for you.
The glutton must eat milk and bread,
And then no physic he will need ;
And if his state to gout incline,
Let him drink water pure for wine.
Should you a hundred years live through,
You'll find this counsel sound and true.
My verse meanwhile shall freely flow—
Free as your wit its gibes may throw.
Thus meets the scoffer's taunting strain
The bearded painter's fearless vein.'

*Copy of an Imperial Rescript to the Council
in Nürnberg, of the year 1517.*

“ Maximilian, by the grace of God, elected
Roman Emperor.

Whereas Our and the Council's faithful
Albrecht Dürer has used the greatest dili-
gence in executing the designs* which he

* By these are probably meant the sketches of Albrecht Dürer from which the celebrated Hieronymus Rasch made woodcuts for the emperor. The sketches represented the emperor in a triumphal chariot; but they are quite distinct

undertook in compliance with our wish, we shall exempt the said Albrecht Dürer, who excels all other masters in the art of painting, from the payment of all taxes, in consideration of our favour, and of the renowned art whereby he has made your city glorious."

Copy of a Letter to the Council of Nürnberg.

"Most prudent, honourable, wise, and dear sirs,—Although I have for a long time desired to present your worships with a picture as a memorial, yet have I so long omitted it, from the fear that it might not be acceptable to your worships. But as I have now under my hands a picture representing Adam and Eve, on which I have bestowed more care than on other paintings, I ask your worships, on this account, with respectful earnestness, whether you will graciously accept the same as a small present, and be and remain my gracious and loving lords, as you have hitherto been. This, with all submission,

from the painting on the same subject which Dürer executed on the walls of the Townhall.

will I endeavour to deserve at the hands of your worships.

“ Your worships’

“ Very obedient servant,

“ ALBRECHT DURER.

“ The Sunday after St. Andrew’s day, 1517.”

Along with this was a flattering reply from the Council. Among several letters was one to the following effect :

“ Nürnberg, February 1502.

“ Accept first, dear Herr Pirckheimer, my willing service, and my hope that all is going on well with you in the country. I have been told that you are displeased at my not having written to you for so long a time. I ought to justify myself to you, but I can give you no other reason than that I am too idle to write. I know you will forgive me, for I have no other friend on earth but you. How could you be angry with me, whom I regard as no less than a father to me? With joy have I heard that the emperor has re-

cognised your deserts, and has shewn you so much favour. In truth, I do not know how I am in future to live with one so worshipful as you.

“ You ought properly never to talk in the streets with the poor painter Dürer. With others of your rank, it would be greatly beneath their dignity; but I am happy in your virtue and kindness. I am now painting a large picture of the Trinity for Matthæus Landauer, which I am sure you will think beautiful. My lady-accountant, however, is not pleased that I do not get on faster with it. I have also thought of you, and send you the portrait drawn in black chalk.*

[Here was a rose sketched with the pen.]

“ It is certainly a likeness. I wish it may please you, or rather that it may not please you. Do not take it ill of me; but I could never have believed, that after the blessed death of your wife Crescentia, you would have taken to such a course. Desist from

* In the original, ‘drawn with charcoal.’

it, ere derision and shame overwhelm you. Remember you are already old, and she has lived so long blameless."


At the end was a great blot, and this was, no doubt, the reason that the letter was detained, and another sent in its place. How gladly would I have had the secret unravelled; for the slightest allusion to love awoke in my soul the thought of the Rosenthalerin; and how much the more, since here the rose smiled on me, and Dürer, who had painted the Virgin in the Ascension, was the mediator.





CHAPTER VI.

THE COUNSELLOR WILIBALD PIRCKHEIMER AT NEUNHOF.

MONG the letters of introduction* with which my friends had furnished me for the journey was one to the counsellor Pirckheimer. As I had heard so much in praise of this man's learning and experience in affairs, I was eager to make his acquaintance. The charms of a summer morning induced me to put into execution my determination to drive out to the pleasantly-situated estate of Neunhof, where Pirckheimer occasionally resided, to enjoy by turns the delights of nature and of art. My poor coachman had not yet made his appear-

* 'Fürderbriefen' in the original.

ance since that accident at Erlangen, and I therefore applied to my host to find out the driver who had brought me hither. The lively fellow was soon found, and it was not long before I heard my pair of black horses stamping before the door. I got into the carriage; and when, after passing through the Laufer-gate, we left the town behind us, my driver gave the reins to his horses as well as to his tongue.

The road lay for the most part through a very beautiful wood; and when my driver mentioned the name of the Sebaldus-wood, he added the question, with a familiarity as if he had served me for years, whether I had seen the Sebaldus-tomb. As soon as we left the wood, the church-tower of Neunhof rose out of the distance. I asked whether he had any wonders to relate of that church also, and he shortly explained to me that in Nürnberg there were nothing but wonders, and that whoever was not accustomed to them, might spend weeks and months here before he would come to his senses. And

rightly ; for he immediately told me many wonderful things concerning this church, at whose erection angels handled the trowels, and concerning a pool which lay close by. As now the gables of a palace invitingly greeted me, I was curious to learn something of the inmates. The owner of the estate was count Martin Geuder of Heroldsberg, who had to wife a sister of the counsellor Pirckheimer. "There they live like princes," said the driver ; "distinguished guests arrive there daily from far and near, and every meal-time there is a banquet."

The splendour of the buildings, which would have adorned the residence of a prince, corresponded in every part to the description I had heard of the expense bestowed on them. The carriage stopped before the palace, and superbly-dressed servants made their appearance to assist me in alighting. As I walked into the entrance-hall, spacious as a saloon, two strange figures suddenly hastened towards me: whence they came, to this day I know not.

The one might be as much above three ells in height as the other was under one, and both were clad in the same party-coloured garments, only that the dwarf had a bald head, and the giant, on the other hand, was adorned with a high turban. The tall man appeared to be twenty years of age, but the little one had wrinkles like a sexagenarian. Both saluted me ; and as soon as I recovered from my astonishment at the extraordinary apparition, I asked whether I might be allowed to pay my respects to the count and to the counsellor. I learned that the count was on a journey. In befitting manner I expressed aloud my regret, but secretly rejoiced to be able to speak to Herr Pirckheimer alone, to whom they promised to conduct me.

The folding-doors of the magnificent garden-saloon opened themselves in a trice, and I saw Herr Pirckheimer, whose features were known to me through paintings, and a pleasant-looking old lady sitting by him. I bowed low. Then the tall and the short

man burst into a ringing laugh, and the two voices united like the shrill note of a fife with the roll of a drum. I now perceived that the persons whom I had reverentially saluted remained immovable, and only by the magic of the pencil had entered among the living. Pirckheimer's wife Crescentia, whom Master Dürer had here represented by the side of his learned friend, had died, as the dwarf informed me, in her last childbed twenty years before. "It would have been more marvellous," said I, tartly and contemptuously, "if she had died in her last childbed but one." I was glad when a jäger,* in a richly-laced coat, released me from these two hobgoblins. He asked me whether he should send for Herr Pirckheimer, who was just at that moment in the garden, or whether I was willing to join him there. I chose the latter; and he led me into a garden tastefully laid out with fragrant flower-beds and gay-blossoming shrubs, green bowers and

* 'Jäger,' literally 'hunter,' a particular kind of servant.

arcades which descended in terraces connected by flights of steps, so that from the palace, which had an elevated position, one could overlook its whole extent. On the garden side, just over the entrance, was a high gallery, on which many telescopes were erected. This was the observatory of Herr Pirckheimer, who, skilled in all sciences, understood also how to read the language of the stars, and from the course of the planets discerned the course of human destiny. Above the gallery, on an iron pole, hung an immense pair of antlers, the sight of which gave a peculiar pleasure to the old man, as he joyfully called to mind the time when he disciplined himself by the fatigues of the chase for the hardships of war. He spent whole nights in the observatory; but in the forenoon he studied in a shady dell adjoining the garden, which was called the Hermitage. This, his favourite nook, owed its name to a tradition, that in a narrow cave, entwined with festoons of ivy, which was still shewn there, a pious hermit had in

former times dwelt. The jäger, who courteously and intelligently gave me information about every thing, led me thither.

Already I heard from a distance the splashing of a spring, which gushed downwards close to the afore-mentioned cave, and the rustling of the firs and ancient oaks, which spread a fragrant coolness all through the Hermitage. We descended some stone steps; and here at a stone-table, which was covered all over with books, sat Nürnberg's greatest scholar, wrapt in a loose coat of fur in the warm month of August. He was just then engaged in instructing in the ancient languages two boys of rare beauty with long fair hair, who were translating Livy. They were his nephews, the young counts George and Sebald Geuder. Not far from him was their mother, the countess Juliana, busied with her embroidery.

The countess was the first to observe me, and returned my greeting. Herr Pirckheimer, as he bade me welcome, rose with difficulty, as for many years he had been

afflicted with gout. But so much the more readily his merry pupils, highly delighted by my interruption, ran from their books to their playthings. The countess retired with them. Herr Pirckheimer thanked me for the letter which I brought him from a mutual friend.

Wilibald Pirckheimer was a thick-set, strong-built man, with a soft round face and a smooth chin, but in other respects with a thick growth of hair. His eye betrayed vivacity, and his mouth gentleness. Far from carrying himself high, he embraced all with hearty love. Who would have recognised in this figure which moved with such difficulty, the beautiful youth who when studying in Pavia and Padua ensnared the hearts of all the ladies by his enchanting performance on the lute? And, lo, among the books there lay on his writing-table the lute, with which he even now enlivened the solitude of his Tusculum. Who would have recognised in him the stalwart general who, in the Swiss wars, at the head of the Nürn-

berg troops, won two battles, for which he enjoyed the favour of the emperor Maximilian up to his death? But even now, though instead of the sword he held a pen in his hand, a true-born Cæsar, he lived in the very midst of that war, and the longest of his manuscripts bore the title, *Historia Belli Helvetici* (the History of the Helvetian War). Over and above this, he employed himself during the leisure which affairs of state allowed him, not only in Latin translations from Plato, Plutarch, Xenophon, and Lucian, but also in writing a poem in praise of a mistress. And she was called—what?—the princess Podagra.* Caught in her nets, as the poet related, he sighed, and felt his feet entangled, so that he could no longer move freely. She who, of high descent and scorning awkward peasants, only ardently loved those of noble rank, had chosen him also among the number of her lovers, and allowed him to languish for her without com-

* Gout.

passion. Day and night she teased him cruelly, and yet, faithful unto death, she will never cease reminding him of her love. Formerly he carried the war-sword and the hunting-piece; but she, remembering the fate of Adonis, and with entreaties more touching and passionate than those of Venus, knew how to keep him back from enterprises full of peril. She chained him therefore to his writing-desk; while he, pierced by the shafts of love, bewails her cruelty and sings her praise.

He succeeded not less in serious than in playful poetry. And when I expressed my envy of his sojourn in this pleasant Neunhof, he gave me the following description in the language of a true poet: "Behold here this plain, every where surrounded by boldly rising hills, not rugged and bare, but crowned with a sunny and genial verdure. Nature has here spread a scene of the loveliest aspect and most wonderful variety. Here cultivated fields shine with the gifts of Ceres, and do not feed with vain hope

the heart of the husbandman. Cornfields are intermingled with green meadows, over which breathes the perfume of spring blossoms. And therefore this country is the nurse of bees, which hum delightfully round the flowers. If indeed here, where honey flows, wine is wanting, the loss is forgotten in the crystal fountains which unite themselves into a brook and glide along through the windings of the valley with a soothing murmur." In such colours he described to me the beauty of the region, and confessed how gladly he would always remain here, and how he dreaded the impending return to the city, as the emperor was shortly to visit Nürnberg. I suggested that he must sadly miss the intercourse with his devoted friends. But he informed me, that they constantly visited him; and that whenever these failed him, it was his custom to invite all the people of the village to a feast, and to converse with them familiarly about agriculture and natural objects. He further added, how in this manner he had gained

the affections of the people, and what deep instruction he had derived from conversations with them. "For the philosopher," said he, "ought not to be satisfied with obtaining the truths of life from books, but from the actual life of men, where it is presented in the most inartificial form; just as the artist must learn art, not from precepts and rules alone, but from nature."

The mention of Art afforded me a transition to the praise of Dürer; and our mutual sympathy in the works and fortunes of this man gave our conversation still more warmth and earnestness. I extolled the speechless yet speaking figures, which had so pleasingly deceived me in the garden-saloon; and I asked him whether he had seen the painting of the Assumption of the Virgin intended for me. "So it is you, my worthy friend," he began, "who have ordered this, the greatest work which ever left the painting-room of Dürer. You must yield it up to me, and I have declared myself ready to pay the painter double the price agreed on by you."

For me the painting has a peculiar value, and I would gladly adorn my study with it." But when Pirckheimer heard how I esteemed this painting above all price, he relinquished his request, although unwillingly.

In the mean time the jäger appeared, and announced that dinner was served. I went on first, and the counsellor, supported by the jäger, mounted the stone steps with difficulty. Princely magnificence and artistic taste met my eye every where in the rooms of the palace through which I was conducted. In the ante-chamber my attention was arrested by a small fountain in the middle of the room, with the prettiest figures of bronze, out of whose mouths, and hands holding shells, water spouted forth, and flowed into a basin full of gold-fishes. The water, which pleasantly cooled the air, put in motion at the same time a concealed organ, which gave forth tones of low but sweet music. As I was admiring the ingenuity of the work, the worthy Herr Pirckheimer mentioned Hans Frey, the father-in-law of

Albrecht Dürer, as the artist. In the dining-hall, besides the well-spread and tastefully-arranged table, set out with glittering plate and decorations of flowers,* the gaily-woven covers† first struck my attention, with which all the backs of the chairs were hung. A curtain, on which was represented the "Salutation of the Angel," was drawn across the entrance.

The countess Juliana, a lady of the most refined culture and winning kindliness, motioned me to the place of honour, next to herself and her brother. In addition to her two little sons, four other inmates of the house seated themselves at the table, who, although in the service and pay of the count, were treated like guests. The wines were as costly as the viands were choice.

But neither this nor the enlivening conver-

* In the manuscript, in which the flowers are named, the reading is 'Schmecken mit Feyel,' *i.e.* nosegays with stock gillyflowers.

† In the original manuscript, 'Rücktücher,' cloths for the back.

sation, to which my neighbours, one by his learning, and the other by her sprightly wit, added a charm, drew my attention from the costly goblets and tankards* and other vessels. Most of them were adorned with the arms of the families of Pirckheimer and Rieter, for the deceased Crescentia Pirckheimer was a Rieterin. The goblet of the counsellor was of gold, and on the cover was a young lady drawing water from a spring; intended perhaps to express the wish, that the stream in the goblet might be as exhaustless as that of the spring. This was a costly work by Albrecht Dürer, the father of the painter. A vessel too, from the hand of the last, ornamented the table; and it was a masterpiece, although the production of a boy. It was a silver fruit-basket, ingeniously wrought in open-work, which a female figure bore on her head and her hands. Shortly before rising from the table, a servant-maid car-

* In the original the reading is here, 'Maygollin,' little cups; 'Scheuern,' large cups; 'Muschkendelin,' tankards; 'Handfass,' wash-basin.

ried round a singular wash-basin, in which all washed their hands, while she poured water over them from a silver can. The wash-basin, also of silver, represented the head of a stag, on whose antlers of shining coral a towel hung. That fruit-basket led back the conversation to the painter Dürer and his works. Herr Pirckheimer sent for a portfolio of drawings done by the hand of his friend. With emotion, and almost with tears, he looked back on his youth spent with him so happily and harmoniously. Both, although still faithfully attached to each other, could not conceal from themselves that a chasm had opened between their hearts once so closely united. "I myself," said Pirckheimer, "was the innocent cause of Albrecht's unhappy marriage." In the mean time he opened the portfolio, and shewed me a sheet of paper, upon which a circle was described. I saw nothing remarkable in it, as it was not drawn with the hand, but, as was evident from the point pricked through the centre, with a compass. I could not therefore conceive how the

circle had merited the verse written under it by Pirckheimer :

“Circulus Alberti, solo carbone notatus,
Annulus est digitis Norica virgo tuis.”

(The faultless circle of Albrecht, only with charcoal described,

Brightly, O Norican maid, shines on thy finger as ring.)

The maiden had reference to the harpy-like creature in the Nürnberg arms.

Then my host gave me the following narration :

“I found myself, once upon a time, in a party of friends, all artists, which had been arranged in honour of me after my return from Italy. Some were already advanced in years, as the elder Dürer and Hans Frey, whose beautiful daughter Agnes was at that time the foolish idol of many; others were of my own age, and still younger, as the painters Dürer and Wolf Traut. In the intimate converse of the fireside many points were eagerly debated in the history of the old painters; as the trial of skill between Zeuxis and Parrhasius, and that between Apelles and Protogenes. I told similar stories about

modern painters, which I had heard in foreign lands. One concerning the old Florentine painter Giotto I repeated on this occasion. Wherever a taste for Art existed, there the fame of Giotto spread. The Pope designed to ornament the Church of St. Peter with frescoes ; and with this view he sent a courtier far and wide to make inquiries for the best painters, and to bring him specimens of their drawings. By these he wished to be decided in summoning painters to Rome. Every painter desired to receive an invitation, and did his utmost to present the courtier with some superior work of art. When he reached Florence, he first visited Giotto's workshop, and made known to him his proposal. Giotto, in order to satisfy the request of the stranger, took a sheet of paper, dipped a pencil in the colour-pot, and described without a break a thoroughly correct circle. 'Here is the drawing,' cried the painter. But the other, who thought that he was trifled with, begged for a better one. But the artist explained that this drawing

was so excellent that nobody could produce one like it. The courtier left him somewhat dissatisfied. But the Pope, as a connoisseur, decided that Giotto must be the most skilful painter ; and Giotto's circle acquired a proverbial celebrity. I related what had been told me, and shared the doubts of many artists, who thought, with a shake of the head, that the circle might have been good as a test of drawing, but that it would not stand proof if tried with the compasses. Hardly had our Dürer heard this, than he took a coal out of the fireplace, and drew on a sheet of paper this circle in our presence. All were astonished, and tried the drawing while they turned it round several times. Then a pair of compasses was fetched ; the circle was measured, and found to be faultless. Hans Frey there, in the presence of us all, in spite of the Pope, named Albrecht Dürer the most skilful painter ; and gave him—miserable reward !—his daughter Agnes to wife, with a dowry.”

Thus spoke Pirckheimer. I now for the

first time became aware of the value of the circle; which was, as it were, Albrecht's wedding-ring, or mourning-ring,* a link in the chain which held him a slave. Not less worthy of admiration did I find the remaining drawings, which were done partly with red and partly with black chalk. At the sight of a chalk drawing I was seized with a joyful astonishment. It was the portrait of a maiden. The hair was black, yet I recognised the fair locks of Maria; the eye was dark, and yet it was Maria's blue eye; the expression about the mouth was somewhat older, and yet the same. "What maiden is represented here?" cried I, and could not conceal my surprise. Pirckheimer was embarrassed, and with a "Let me look at it," was going adroitly to take the drawing out of my hand. But I held it fast like a treasure. "I don't know whom it represents," said he immediately, in a faltering tone.

* There is a play on words in the original which cannot be expressed in English — 'Trauring,' wedding-ring, 'Trauerring,' mourning-ring.

Then I observed at the back a Latin elegy on the death of one Emilia Rosenthalerin. My desire to be informed about this wonderful vision rose to the highest pitch ; but Pirckheimer would not enter into conversation about it. He took the sheet, and hid it under those which I had already seen, whilst he laid the others before me with a pressing assiduity. This one drawing continually floated before my mind, both when I took leave of my host in the hope of renewing his acquaintance in Nürnberg, when the shades of the Sebaldus-wood gathered round me, and when I rattled over the stones, and stopped at the door of the Golden Rose.





CHAPTER VII.

DÜRER'S PUPILS. WOODCUTS TO THE POEM OF
TEUERDANK.

IT is fate that has brought me to Nürnberg. Here I am destined to obtain, not friends alone, nor enjoyment, nor profit in trade, no, but my highest happiness. For can it be a mere accident, that as soon as I came into the city I saw the Rosenthale-
rin, and have never forgotten her beautiful image? that the same features appeared to me again in the picture which Dürer was painting for me; and that it greeted me once more at Pirckheimer's, among his drawings? Yes, the sight of her angelic countenance has made me, and will for ever make me, happy. She is poor, and I am wealthy; she is young, and I not old; she is rich in

beauty, and I am full of love. There is not a more suitable pair under the sun. A festival was being celebrated at my entrance into the city; let a festival mark my departure—ay, and a marriage festival. Dürer, who knows Emilia Rosenthalerin, knows also my Rosenthalerin. He is my friend, and he shall be my wooer also.

Amidst such thoughts as these I went to the Zissel-Strasse, in order to return to the dear master the manuscripts he had lent me, and at the same time, by my request, to put his friendship to the proof. Scarcely was the door opened, when I ran up the stairs to surprise him in his bow-window. I knocked in vain at the room-door. Then Hans Dürer came and told me that his brother could not be spoken with just then, as he was painting from the model. I did not understand the expression; but I clearly understood, to my great vexation, that I had had my walk in vain. I was going away, and delivered the manuscripts to the friendly Hans, asking him to give my greeting and

thanks to his brother. "Will you not wait, dear sir," he asked, "till my brother comes, and look about a little meanwhile in the workshop of the journeymen above? he will certainly soon be at your service."

This proposal pleased me much, and I went with him up another flight of stairs, where he led me into a large room, which was lighted by high windows. Close by was another of similar appearance. There was much to examine here. All round the room were a variety of objects: here shells of various colours, there clusters of coral; in one place buffalo-heads, in another the antlers of the elk; besides a variety of porcelain vessels and carvings in ivory, coats of mail, standards, plaster-casts, and jointed figures of wood hung with drapery. But in other respects the apartments were not attractive in their appearance. There was no attempt at order, much less decoration. For instance, the floor was, as it were, engrained with the dust of charcoal and red chalk. All was silent, although in the first room sat

no less than seven men at their work. The journeymen were seated at their easels, each one before a window; and in the corners were little boys busied in grinding colours. Breakfast, which was now being brought to them, interrupted them in their work, while the maid Susanna went round with a pewter dish, on which lay large slices of bread and butter, and served each one. The workers were, it seemed, accustomed to frequent visitors, and did not suffer themselves to be in the least disturbed by my entrance and survey.

Hans explained to me every thing that I saw, and told me that Albrecht had brought the shells with him from Venice, and the buffalo-heads from Antwerp; that he had received as presents the armour from the emperor Maximilian, and the porcelain from travellers of rank out of Saxony. I learned from him the names of the journeymen. They were Springinskee, Burgmaier, Penz, Herranth, and Schäufelin, whom I had seen before.

I went boldly up to the eldest of them, although he had a surly countenance. This was Hans Burgmaier, a native of Augsburg, a very excellent painter and cutter in wood. He bowed when I greeted him, and drew back the curtain from the upper part of the picture which was on his easel. It was a splendid work, painted on canvass, and represented Adam and Eve at the apple-tree. "Never did I see more beautiful naked figures!" I exclaimed; "I am truly rejoiced to become acquainted with so talented a painter as you are." "Do you indeed think," replied he, smiling, "that I painted the figures? My dear sir, if it were so, I would not sit here and eat bread spread with bad butter. The master has finished the picture, and given it to me to put in the ground, and several animals here and there. Could I do any thing in this style, I would live quite differently from what I now do, and even differently from Dürer himself." "I know," said I, in reply, "that the picture is to be hung in the Townhall.

But I miss Dürer's mark." " *That* I am just now painting." I looked at this corner and that, but in vain. Then Burgmaier shewed me how ingeniously he had introduced it. It consisted, namely, in a buffalo, a badger, and a panther,* standing one behind the other, and which meant *Albertus Durerus pinxit*. I commended the pretty conceit.

From Burgmaier I went to a young man, who was named Crispin Herranth, and who afterwards lived in Königsberg as court-painter to the margrave Albrecht of Brandenburg. He was preparing cartoons from which panel-work in the Italian style was to be painted.

From him I turned to the handsome Hans Schäufelin, whose image had constantly floated before my mind as Ursula's bridegroom, the pious Ætherius in the purple mantle. Schäufelin was amiableness itself, and he greeted me as an old acquaintance. He sat at

* The names for these animals in German are, Auerochs, Dach, and Panther, the first letters of which correspond to the initials A. D. P.

the same table with George Glockenton, the illuminator, and both worked without looking up. Glockenton had sons and daughters, all of whom he kept employed in illuminating and decorating letters; and beautiful missals by him were shewn in Nürnberg and other places. Schäufelin was cutting types for wood-engraving on blocks of pear-tree. Before him lay a manuscript of immense thickness. Glockenton, on the other hand, was illuminating exceedingly ingenious woodcuts on large printed sheets. I looked attentively, first at the one, then at the other, and as I was curious to know what the books were, and what the woodcuts signified, I endeavoured to gain Schäufelin's confidence by friendly conversation. A block was just ready, and Hans Schäufelin was now cutting, in a part which would be little noticed, an H. S., and beside it a small shovel,* with reference to his name.

“Are you of Nürnberg?” I asked. “No,

* German, ‘Schaufel;’ diminutive, ‘Schäufelein.’

—of Nördlingen. My father lived in Nürnberg, but my other relations are in Nördlingen; and thither I shall fly too, as soon I am fledged.” “Indeed!” said I, interrupting the young man’s words with a joke, “and yet the song says,

“The word from ancient days hath come—

Where dwells thy heart, there lies thy home.”

What says the fair Afra Tucherin to your resolution?” “Has the master spoken of that?” asked Schäufelin, and touched up his block here and there. “Thank God!” he then cried, “my work is finished: may it bring me good fortune! Master Dürer has, in fact, promised me, that if I would execute the woodcuts with hearty zeal, and if they pleased the emperor, he would intercede with his majesty in my behalf. Then perhaps I may be able to take home my little bride. Next month the emperor comes here. I hope he will be gracious! A long courtship, with its hopes and delays, is a bad thing.” He sighed, and I gently sighed with him. He complained to me that the

Burgomaster Tucher would not bestow his beloved Afra upon him, till he had erected a workshop of his own, and this he could not undertake without assistance.

“And these woodcuts,” I again asked, “the designs of which are so mysterious to me, what influence will they have to promote your good fortune with the emperor? Why these in particular? Why not rather an oil-painting, like that I saw of yours in Nördlingen, and which represented the Descent from the Cross in so masterly a manner?”

“Do you not see—(I may talk now that the last block is finished)—that these woodcuts will have a particular value with the emperor, since they represent his great deeds? they have been celebrated in verse by our provost, Melchior Pfinzing. Ay—of the deeds of such an emperor much may be written and sung. One poet has celebrated him as Weiskönig;* another has deduced his genealogy from Noah’s Ark. Pfinzing,

* Wise king.

however, has best understood how to exalt Maximilian's nobility and virtues. Every evening, in returning home from Tucher's dwelling, I have constantly seen the lamp of the provost in the window of his abode, where he was busy upon his heroic poem. He was for a long time secretary to the emperor, and had the most intimate knowledge of all his great actions and manly virtues. 'Teuerdank,' as the poem is called, is to be presented to the emperor in a splendid form, when he visits our city. You see already some sheets of it here printed with my woodcuts, which friend George is illuminating." As he said this, one of the apprentices, who worked at the printing-press, brought to him a proof-sheet of the last-finished woodcut. "It is without a fault," said Schäufelin, with a searching look. "Here you see standing in the pride of victory the hero *Teuerdank*, the name given to the emperor, because he employs his thoughts on adventures.* Un-

* 'Abenteuer,' adventure; 'denkt,' thinks.

dismayed he is stepping on many swords laid crosswise, which had been all whetted for his destruction. Under it these words are to be placed :

‘ Treason cannot virtue wound ;
Valour treads it to the ground.’

But read here in the manuscript the conclusion of the poem.” I read as follows :

“ Brutes with their proper arms are born,
The lion’s rage, the ox’s horn ;
Man, in his single reason strong,
Stands undismay’d their threats among ;
The terrors of their wildest mood
By his calm valour are subdued.
’Tis strange, by subtlest wiles beset,
How our loved hero dangers met ;
And with a pious courage fill’d,
Compell’d admiring foes to yield !
And yet he is a man—no more ;
His safety, sure, God watches o’er,
That by his arm and spirit bold,
Our Christian weal he may uphold.
Amidst the battle’s hottest strife,
Angels keep watch around his life,
Which else, ’mid peril, toil, and woe,
Long since had sought the shades below.
God guard our hero evermore !
For we are shelter’d by his power.
Let us his noble course pursue ;
As brave in war, in faith as true !

Here peace enjoy, and health and love,
And there the rest eternal prove."

When I had read it, and expressed my approbation, he reached a pile of sheets (nearly half the poem) which were already printed, and the woodcuts elegantly coloured. To have the work ready at the appointed time, the energies of the painter, the wood-engraver, and the illuminator were all, as if in rivalry, exerted to the utmost. The work, however, was in no respect hurried, nor its beauty injured from want of time. Never had I seen any thing so splendid; the printing alone was worthy of admiration. The title was, "The Perils and the History of the praiseworthy, valiant, and highly renowned Hero and Knight Teuerdank." In the poem was set forth how, after sundry adventures, dangers, and troubles of war, which he surmounted by his valour, he at length obtained the honoured Maria. His attendant on the path of fame is a herald, on whose mantle Schäufelin had drawn a wheel of fortune, since this it was which had guided the

fate of Teuerdank. In several woodcuts was seen a man in a red garment, with a child's cap. He bears the name Fürwittig,* because he tempts the hero into all kinds of dangers. In many of them, on the contrary, instead of this figure, you saw a man in armour, with a malicious countenance, clad in a yellow garment, as falsehood is depicted. He is called Neidhard, and signifies the wiles of the enemy, which are aiming at the destruction of the noble Teuerdank. Truly ingenious devices! The adventures in which the hero is engaged are of very various kinds: shewing how he slays a chamois, knocks down two lions with a shovel; how he applies a match to an overloaded cannon;† how a storm threatens to destroy him on board a ship; how he is in danger of poison; how he vanquishes some hundreds of his enemies with fourteen men.

Glockenton had just completed a sheet, as he sat silently by us with his muscle-shells,

* 'Vorwitz,' rashness.

† 'Büchse,' a gun-barrel.

the colours in which, especially the red and yellow, were clear as the silver tones of bells.* On this sheet was represented in a chamber, the walls of which were hung with weapons and armour, the hero Teuerdank, dressed as a hunter, in the act of seizing by the arm a fool, who stood with a burning light near two casks. The long-eared cap and motley coat of the merry counsellor looked merry enough, but his countenance was any thing but merry, for he seemed almost to tremble with terror and dismay. The description of it was pretty to read.

How the noble Teuerdank, through a mistake of his Fool,† was in danger of being blown up by gunpowder in his bed-chamber.

“Seek not the bridge. On, quickly on!
The fatal path, my sovereign, shun;
Within those walls dark treason lies.”—
The trusty Fool thus counsell’d wise.

* ‘Glockentöne,’ bell-tones.

† The name of this Fool was Conrad or Cunz von der Rosen. He was much esteemed by Maximilian for his wit, and very favourably distinguished from the usual kind of jesters.

“ I fear not what may there betide ;
Friends will be ever at my side,”
Answer'd Sir Knight his Fool. Quoth he,
“ Such peril has no charms for me.”
Away went Cunz. Lord Teuerdank
Rode fearless up the moated bank ;
And welcomed at the peaceful gate,
His followers few march'd through in state.
Sudden the huge porcullis falls ;
In vain for help the warrior calls :
The hour for wise distrust has past ;
He and his men are captives fast.
His lord's mischance the Fool soon heard,
And straight his active thoughts bestirr'd,
How best, deep counsel following free,
He might achieve his liberty.
Deep was the moat, but also deep
At midnight was the city's sleep ;
And then secure, as in a boat,
His lord, on bladders borne, might float
To safety from the traitor's hold.—
Thus did he frame his purpose bold.
One night, with dark clouds overhead,
He couch'd him by the water's bed,
And soon his purpose had fulfill'd ;
When, lo ! the swans, a legion wild,
With flapping wings so marr'd his aim—
As if from Gallia's coasts they came—
He could not cross, and back must fly,
With anguish in his tearful eye.
The Fool, who had a fertile head,
Straight to a village barber sped,

Studied his art, and learn'd full well
To exercise tonsorial skill.
"The joke is good," he cried, "go on ;
I must have now a shaven crown."
'Twas thus with seeming jest he spoke :
The barber too enjoy'd the joke.
So forth went Cunz with shaven pate,
And hied him to a convent-gate,
Borrow'd a cowl from holy brother,
And look'd as though he were another ;
With pilgrim-staff and rosary,
Soon at the castle-bridge was he.
"Open your door, for mercy's sake"
(Thus to the warder stern he spake),
"And let a harmless friar in ;
I come to shrive your captive's sin.
My holy task will soon be o'er :
Then I'm your debtor evermore."
His prayer was heard ; and where his lord
In duresse strong lay deep immured,
They led him quick : his searching eye
Look'd round for listeners cautiously ;
Then whisper'd, "This is dismal plight.
How say you ? Was my counsel right ?"
Joy'd was the hero's wondering soul.
"What ! Reynard in a monkish cowl !
Where is thy hair, thou madman, say ?
Old was the fox, his coat turn'd grey."
"Hush, hush," said Cunz, "and sit you here,
That I your flowing locks may shear ;
Take up this staff, put on this gown,
And flee in such strange garb unknown."

Then spake his lord : " True-hearted man,
How wilt thou fare in this shrewd plan ?"

" I will your mantle o'er me throw.

Cheat you the warders : they did you.

The hero free, it matters not

What is the jester's after-lot."

" That," said the hero, " cannot be.

No, faithful Cunz, I will not flee :

Thy generous zeal my heart reveres ;

Hence ! be my friend for coming years."

Cunz pray'd in vain, and back must fly,

With anguish in his tearful eye.

At length from long captivity

Was Teuerdank by force set free :

And now with hawk and hound he stray'd

By mountain-side, in sylvan glade ;

Hart, boar, and chamois, wolf and bear,

Slain by his aim unerring were :

The faithful Cunz, still firm and true,

Close to his side to guard him drew.

Once—in the Tyrol it befel—

Dark night came on ; they could not tell

Which way their homeward course to guide,

For they had ridden far and wide.

Deep in the forest gloom, a light

Broke twinkling on their gladden'd sight ;

Thither their wearied steeds they spurr'd,

And soon a mouldering hall appear'd ;

Wherein an ancient knight did dwell,

Like some lone spirit of the fell.

Right courteous was the agèd lord,

And bade them welcome to his board :

Yet meagre was the household fare ;
Nor wine, nor roast, nor fish was there.
"Spare diet this—well-housed at length—
To raise my sovereign's failing strength."
So thought the Fool, yet held his peace ;
To murmur might the woe increase.
How he might speed he ponder'd o'er ;
'Twas plain their host had ample store.
Around, where'er the eye might fall,
Rich armour hung upon the wall :
And on the heart of Teuerdank
With deep impress the vision sank.
Rifle and sword, and spear and bow,
Display'd in many a glittering row,
With such strange longing fill'd his breast,
His hunter's hand could scarcely rest.
His host the sylvan pastime loved,
And well the hero's zeal approved ;
So led him the old castle o'er,
And shew'd him treasures more and more ;
Here forest arms profusely stow'd,
There casks of powder safely stow'd.
With day's long toils at length oppress'd,
The hero now withdrew to rest.
Not so the faithful Cunz : his mind
Dwelt on their treatment ; and design'd
How from the niggard's cellar'd hoard
He might refresh his fainting lord.
Sleepless, while all the household slept,
With light in hand he slowly crept
From room to room, the castle round,
If wine or viands might be found.

When sudden, lo, the casks he saw ;
“ Ah, here is wine !” quoth he ; “ I’ll draw,”
And bent him down ; with sudden din
That moment burst his sovereign in.
He heard the steps ; suspected wrong ;
And straight to seize the thief upsprung.
’Twas Cunz ; and fearful game he play’d.
“ What, headlong fool,” he cried dismay’d,
“ A light to powder ! Off, I say !”
And dragg’d him from the cask away.
Pale stood the Fool, trembling all o’er,
Dropp’d on his knees, and wept full sore.
“ How ! powder in the cask, my lord !
Sure, ’twas the Devil gave the word.
Had not your hand my folly stay’d,
Your precious life the price had paid.
Oh, let me for this guilt atone ;
From some high turret hurl me down ;
Or on the gibbet let me hang ;
Or on the wheel feel torture’s pang,
While curses rest upon my grave.”
“ No,” said the hero, mild as brave,
“ No, faithful Cunz, that shall not be ;
I know thy honest zeal for me ;
And trusty now, as heretofore,
Go, be my friend for ever more.”

Meanwhile Albrecht Dürer had come up,
and very courteously apologised for having
kept me waiting so long. Master Dürer then

went with me to the easels of some of the several journeymen, and made various criticisms on their works. In the paintings, the design and the execution of the heads were mostly by himself. The young painters were not annoyed at his censure, but rather pleased, for every such remark contained valuable instruction. And moreover Dürer was not severe with them. When a bad picture was shewn him, he did not find fault, but said, "The master has done his best; but here is still something that may be improved." He then took his pencil, painted a new figure, and took pleasure in making people believe that a Jacob Elsner, or some other inferior painter, had executed it.

I looked at all these beautiful paintings with genuine delight:—in one, Christ on the Cross, with angels receiving his blood into chalices; in another, the Crowning with Thorns; here, the Holy Trinity; there, the Adoration of the Kings from the East.

"It is not a good thing," said I, "to worship images; but in your works it may well

be pardoned to a Christian, possessed of a feeling heart; for you represent the Godhead as it really is." On which he replied to me in a decided tone: "They who at the present day despise painting because it encourages superstition, do it great injustice: for a devout man will no more be seduced into superstition by painting, than he who wears a sword by his side, to commit murder. The unreflecting worship wood and stone, however wooden and stony they may be; the skill of the artist is not wanted for that. What is set down to the fault of the painter, is due to the priest."

When we had looked at every thing in both rooms, Dürer led me into a small cheerful apartment, wherein he himself was often accustomed to work. Here was a still greater variety than elsewhere. On a table stood a complete fortress made in clay, with bastions and trenches,—for Albrecht studied those things much. In the middle of the room stood a long table, on which was an extraordinary contrivance. Upon it was placed

upright a quadrangular frame, with threads, and in the frame was a small door. This was a machine for taking sketches in perspective which he had himself invented. When I inquired what all this meant, he called from the next room an apprentice named Hans, called also, from his birthplace, Culmbach, and he was by no means the worst of the young painters.

Dürer placed him before the frame, while he himself took a lute from the wall, and laid it on the table. With a pencil at the end of a long thread, lines were drawn backwards and forwards in relation to the lute; new threads were connected with the frame, the small door was opened and shut, and points were marked upon it with chalk. It was a very ingenious affair, which I hardly understood. Scarcely, however, had a quarter of an hour elapsed, when I saw the lute punctured on the small door, quite naturally, as seen from a front view.

On a small table in the corner I saw some very comical things carved in wood. At a

distance, I took them for table-ornaments, such as wealthy people have in gold and silver. Dürer, just as though he wished to try how wide I could open my eyes, said to me shortly and gravely, "Those are two models for monuments; one for a tombstone, the other for a trophy of victory. I invented pyramids of this form, for the Egyptian seems to me quite too clumsy." I lifted one up, and read the inscription, *Lazzero Spenglero triumphatori* (To Lazarus Spengler in triumph), and saw a droll assemblage of all sorts of beasts, and over them were pick-axes, and dung-forks, and other implements of agriculture. I took up the other model, which was designed for a funereal monument for the same person, and perceived a tower, which was formed of beer-barrels, large pitchers, and jugs. Spengler was known to me by a poem in Dürer's writings, as a man fond of jokes. "Herr Spengler," I began, "must surely be another Bacchus, for you have played him a sorry trick; here you have chosen for his symbols the appurte-

nances of a beer-cellar; and there, oxen, sheep, swine, and flails." Then Dürer burst into a regular laugh, and said, " You must become acquainted with our town-clerk, Spengler. He delights to banter others, and has no objection to be bantered in return. When he smiles, you must beware of his tongue; and when he is serious, mischief lurks behind. Every one has something to bear from him, yet every one likes him. He is an old bachelor, and his motto is :

'The wise man's wish and way
Is meat and drink and play.' "

" Is this himself whom you have represented here, squatting in that wretched manner on a sheaf? Truly he looks very little like one in triumph."

" No, that is not he. I must tell you a long story now, the remembrance of which will live in Nürnberg even longer than Spengler's name. From the earliest times, the peasants of the villages in the Lorenz-wood have been bound to furnish the magistrates every year with cattle, corn, and all

sorts of provisions.* The peasants have often resisted it, and desired to free themselves from the burdensome obligation. They wrote a very impertinent reply to the repeated summons and threatening of the magistracy, 'That if their worships wished to eat sausages and ham, they might pay for them.' The burgomaster then directed an officer of the court to visit the district, and by his influence and severity bring back the peasantry to their duty. As the affair had to do with eating, friend Spengler was chosen, partly in joke, to execute this office. Any one else might have felt hurt by the commission; he did not. But how did he carry out the affair? The obedience of the peasants was enforced with success, and, obstinate as they were, they delivered up all they were bound to. When Spengler returned home to the gates of Nürnberg, there were seen in a long, solemn procession, first several peasants leading oxen, one behind the other; then followed one wagon with bleating sheep and grunting swine; and an-

other with bacon, cheese, and sausages ; and lastly, the recorder himself in a small carriage drawn by four white horses, to which the peasants who still remained refractory were fastened, with their hands bound. With a chaplet of willow round his brows, he stood triumphant in the carriage; and out of a bag scattered copper coins amidst the huzzaing of the boys in the street. There was nothing but screaming and shouting. There was a bustle and a concourse for you, as though the city were all on fire ! On that day the whole population assembled in front of the Council-house. There was laughter every where, as the train moved slowly up to it; the counsellors only, who were just then holding a session, were angry, and the burgomaster foamed with rage. Immediately a motion was made for removing Spengler from his office. But the wag gained a still greater triumph over the magistrates than over the peasants. Spengler, by his unfailing cheerfulness and his goodnatured jokes, had rendered himself indispensable to them,

and, without any effort on his part, the charge was withdrawn. Truly he had deserved a trophy."

Now all was clear to me. Around the four-cornered stone with the inscription, lay oxen, lambs, and boars, with their feet bound; above, on the four corners, stood four baskets, with sausages, eggs, cheese, and butter. One over another were placed upon the stone, a pickaxe, a churn, a two-handled milk-pitcher and a sheaf, with spades, mattocks, forks, and flails. At the top of all, on a hen-coop, sat a subdued-looking peasant, in very miserable plight, on an inverted pot, while behind him the sword of justice stood out. Comical as the pile was, yet the general effect was very pretty.

"The other monument," I began, "easily explains itself. But pray tell me, is this wag of a secretary still living?"

"Yes, he is living, and has requested me to give him the design for a splendid funeral monument; for he thought that as Pope Julius had ordered Michael Angelo to erect a

mausoleum for him during his life, so he also would have one."

The model exhibited a very pleasing form. On a pedestal of stone stood a cask covered with a dice-board, on which were two dishes, one forming a cover to the other ; upon that was a short full-bellied jug and an inverted cup, and at its foot a fruit-basket, not, however, containing fruit, but melon-rinds and vine-leaves. The inscription on the stone beneath ran thus—

" Herr Spengler saw the cask was drain'd,
The dice-board rung no longer ;
No drop within the cup remain'd,
No food to satiate hunger.
' The end of toils,' he cried, ' is gain'd ;
I yield, for Death is stronger.' "

While looking at all these beautiful things, I had nearly forgotten the object of my coming ; but now, as we walked out of the little apartment, the idea recurred to me forcibly to get rid of my anxiety by speaking openly. I therefore requested Dürer to take me down stairs, pretending a desire to look at my picture ; and that indeed was the case. But be-

fore we quitted the large workshop, I gave to each journeyman, many as there were, for all seemed to me to be very skilful and clever hands, two good gulden for drink-money. They were pleased with this, and thanked me, and Dürer also thanked me for my kindness.

So we went down stairs; and when Dürer politely opened the door for me, my eyes were arrested, not by the picture, but by the Rosenthalerin herself. She cast her eyes modestly down, and greeted me so respectfully, that my heart warmed towards her. Dürer, to my sorrow, led me away on one side to the picture, and asked me whether the head and the attitude of the Virgin were not improved, as he had that day worked them over again from the maiden who served him as a model. Model! that meant a pattern; and now first I understood what the good Hans formerly told me, as a reason for refusing my request. It appeared to me strange, that the proud painters who form, as it were, models after human beings, should call these beings

themselves models. But how could I admire the copy in the painting, when the original stood before me? I quickly turned back to the beautiful maiden, and thanked her that she allowed her beauty to be immortalised in my picture, and said many flattering things to her, which caused her much embarrassment. I should now have told her all that was in my heart, and have put an end to my pain, had not Dürer, who thought himself bound to protect the silent young thing, said, "My good Herr Heller, do not make the maiden blush. Now, dear, go home; and give my greeting to your old father." She kissed Dürer's hand, and curtsied and withdrew. "Shall I not accompany her home?" I asked quickly. "Why would you do that?" said he, holding me back; "believe me, she is a virtuous maiden." "Exactly for that reason, Herr Dürer! For I have loved the maiden from the first day of my being here: I love her beyond expression." And I related every thing to him; how I had become acquainted with her, and immediately fell in

love. "But consider now what you are doing, Herr Heller," said the strict master, shaking his head. "You the rich Heller, and that poor maiden!" To my question, whether he was her guardian, he replied in the negative. "Tell me, then," cried I, in an almost supplicating tone, "where does she dwell? where can I find her parents?" "Her mother is among the blessed; and she was still more beautiful than the daughter. The first gift which the latter received from her—life—she requited with ingratitude, and occasioned her death." "Is her father, then, still living?" I asked again. Dürer returned to this a very undecided answer. In an embarrassed manner, he at first replied in the affirmative, and then spoke of the maid as an orphan. I implored, I conjured him to do something towards the accomplishment of my wishes; but Dürer continually repeated the hateful, "Consider what you are about." At length my patience was worn out, and the more as I heard the slippers of Mistress Agnes, and was afraid she would again display

her treasures before me. Dissatisfied and vexed, I ran down the stairs, and with a hasty greeting rushed past the eager tradeswoman.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCULPTOR KRAFFT IN HIS WORKSHOP.



ÜRNBERG became dearer to me every day, and the thought of parting ever more bitter. I deferred as long as possible attending to the business which made my presence in Augsburg and Regensburg necessary. But at last I was obliged to prepare for my departure, with the firm intention to spend at least eight days here on my return. It was hard to separate from the lovely Rosenthalerin without seeing her, and only the persuasion that I had done all I could in the affair, tranquillised me. I had, in fact, written to Dürer, who seemed to consider my attachment to the maiden as the passing

whim of a young man, to endeavour to convince him of my honourable intentions, and had conveyed my wish in the form of a request to him. No answer followed this. Though I omitted leave-taking before my approaching departure among my friends in general, to gain time, and to spare myself painful feelings, yet I felt it a kind of filial duty to visit the old master Krafft. Perhaps it was a foreboding which impelled me, for as before I had not been able to devote one hour to the visit, now every hour seemed precious to me. I soon found out the "Steig," where master Krafft was said to live; and an entrance-gate, close to which a finely shaped stone dragon grinned at me, and out of whose jaws, well furnished with teeth, water streamed forth, left me no longer in doubt as to his dwelling. I entered the court, and on each side of the passage I saw large blocks of sandstone lying, and said to myself, "The old man promises himself a long life." Out of this court you entered through a glass-door into the cheerful house

of the master, and first of all into the workshop.

I had always heard much of the kindness and peace-loving temper of Krafft, who represented in his person the cardinal virtue after which he called himself. Therefore so much the more strange did it seem to me to hear him talking loudly, in violent words, as though he were wrangling with his people. I drew near to the glass-door, and saw in the workshop the bald-headed master, on whose forehead shone a single lock, snow-white, like his long beard. Close by stood two people, who appeared to be his pupils. One he was instructing in the art of stone-cutting, and grew so warm over it, that he neither saw nor heard me, although I opened the door and entered. A pillar was to be cut in imitation of one ornamented with all kinds of leaves and scrolls, such as are found in old churches. I observed directly that one of the boys, who had a chisel and hammer in his hand, was nothing more than a rough peasant, who might do well enough to raise

crops but not to raise* churches. He looked a pitiful figure, with his gaping mouth, his crooked nose, and bristling hair, and seemed to be sleeping with his eyes open. As he was trying to chisel out a border ornament, he struck off the corner of the block of stone; and when he was going to correct his mistake—O the simpleton!—he hit his hand so that it bled. The ancients did rightly when they made use of sheeps' heads to knock down walls. Yet Krafft shewed and explained and scolded, as if he might some time turn out a clever stone-cutter; and the great lad cried like a child, as he was pushed and shaken by him somewhat roughly. I could not comprehend why the master wasted so much pains on him, and still less, as a good-looking youth stood close to him, by whose green apron I saw that he also was an apprentice, and in whose looks I discovered that he understood perfectly what the other

* There is a play upon words in the original, which is only imperfectly given in the translation: 'Bauer,' peasant; 'bauen,' to till the land; 'bauen,' to build.

would never have understood in his whole life.

Whilst I was pitying this unlicked cub, who looked so dismal over his work, I cleared my throat a little, and the master looked towards me. He directly pulled his green apron from his shoulders, and hastened towards me like a man of twenty years; all anger had vanished at once from his countenance, and on the contrary, he expressed in his looks the most heartfelt joy. *Father Adam* he was called by all, and involuntarily I greeted him by this name. He rejoiced most heartily at my visit, which he had so long expected in vain, and had already given up the hope of it. His good wife, he told me, would have prepared wine and cake for me, but that now, alas, it was eaten up. He then apologised to me for the harshness of his manner, which, with the utmost patience in teaching, could not always be avoided, and explained to me the singular mode of training which he practised. When, for instance, he took an apprentice into the house,

he obliged him to learn the art again from the very beginning, even though he had already made considerable progress in it. For Adam laid great stress upon this, that whatever came out of his workshop, should be executed in his own way and no other. In order to effect this, he took for some time a common labourer, and instructed him, as if he intended to fit him for an assistant. But he did this only that the new apprentice, who always had to stand by, might have the opportunity of observing quite accurately how he must handle the chisel for the future. I called this mode of instruction very judicious, but very laborious; Krafft, however, thought, that if one wished to keep up a good heart, one should not let any trouble vex one, and that he himself had to thank work alone for his vigorous old age.

He then begged me to enter the room which adjoined the workshop, and where, in the midst of perfect simplicity, the greatest neatness was visible. The oaken wardrobe, carefully polished, shone as bright as the

pewter cans which stood on its cornice; every fold of the curtain on the bed was arranged with care, and even the floor, which was strewn with sand, had acquired an ornamental character by the sweep of the broom still visible. "Eva!" cried master Adam, putting his head into the kitchen; and the name struck me. "May the serpent," said I, smiling, "never creep into this paradise, where Adam and Eve dwell!" "About our names," replied he, "we have had to bear many jokes, especially from our witty town-clerk, Herr Spengler; but I have revenged myself on him. That you shall hear about afterwards;" and again he cried, "Eva!" Just then entered the room an active little woman, in a small white cap and dark-red plaited gown, and, if possible, beaming still more with kindness than the old man. The news that the long-expected guest had appeared in me, seemed for a moment to embarrass Frau Eva. But then she tripped backwards and forwards, placed a table before us, which she wiped down with her

apron more than enough, took a knife from the cupboard, which she knelt down and sharpened on the door-sill, then withdrew for a moment, and brought back a can of beer, a great loaf of bread, and butter. "Wife," asked the old man, "is there no better fare than this to-day?" "Hush! father," retorted she, jestingly; "I bring the strange gentleman a piece of bread at least, while you think only of setting stones before him." From the friendly hospitality of the entertainment, the fare tasted to me uncommonly good, and this mother Eva observed with no little pleasure. "My wife," began the old man, when he saw that I took a sincere interest in him and all dear to him, "was christened Magdalena, and out of love for me she called herself Eva. In order that we might not grieve over any Cain, Heaven denied us the happiness of being parents. His favour we shall never cease to acknowledge, who has preserved us in such a remarkable manner." With an amiable loquacity he then related to me, without being asked, all

that he had lived through and experienced ; and I was astonished to see how wonderful the Divine appointments had often been.

The dear couple had engaged themselves while they were yet children. Adam left his native town of Nürnberg as a young man, to seek his fortune in foreign parts, and to return home as soon as possible with a well-filled purse. Nothing remained as a consolation to Magdalena but her lover's oath of inviolable fidelity. Ten years she waited for the return of her friend, but in vain. No tidings of him reached her ; and her relations, who beset her with proposals of marriage, said to her over and over again, that Adam would never more return ; for that he must either be dead, or long since settled and married in foreign lands. But Magdalena, although so poor that she was dependent on the kindness of her relations, remained steadfast. Another ten years passed away, and her perseverance in waiting for her bridegroom drew upon her universal derision and mockery. " Maiden bride ! will not the bridegroom come soon ? "

was the saucy question asked her in every street by the boys ; to which, " Patience ! " was the only reply she could make. Magdalena's fidelity, like that of her betrothed, wavered not. Adam intended to confine his wanderings to Franconia ; but recommended from one master to another, and penetrated with the desire of learning and seeing every thing, he continually went further, and passed some happy years in beautiful Italy. He found every where plenty of work, and his money increased every week, especially in Naples. Now he thought of returning ; and as a ship was going from Naples to Genoa, he seized the opportunity to return to his home as soon as possible. Winds and waves seemed to be in league with true love, and hastened the progress of the ship ; but winds and waves are deceitful. Suddenly a storm and foul weather arose, the ship was tossed about here and there, and the ship's crew were in despair ; the masts were cut down, and the lives of such numbers were given up to chance. After sailing about comfortless for

many days, the ship came to land, and the lives of the people were saved;—but had they reason to be thankful? Tunis was the place of terror where they landed; and after difficulties and privations of every kind, the unhappy sufferers were thrown into chains. Adam also languished in slavery, and for many years no prospect of liberation offered itself. The king of Tunis was at that time building a mosque, and as Adam belonged to the slaves who furnished stones for the building, he one day declared in the presence of the king and of the architect, that the foundation of the building was badly laid. For this audacious speech Adam was beaten with rods. However, what he had predicted came to pass; the heathen church fell in, and the architect destroyed himself on the ruins. Adam's chains were now taken off, and freedom promised him as soon as he should have erected a new mosque, in a given space of time. The king kept his word. Without a farthing in his pocket, he was conveyed in a ship of Barbary to Genoa, and then, enduring many

hardships, he succeeded in begging his way as far as Nürnberg. The bride had waited patiently; but although the bridegroom appeared, all hope of union had vanished;—she was poor, and he had brought nothing home. Yet the return of the long-desired one, and his constant fidelity, roused attention like a miracle. He was regarded as a saint who had risen from the dead, and, like a saint, every one brought offerings to him, as it were from a religious impulse. At first Adam took the gifts, as he was in want of them; and afterwards he could not refuse them without hurting the giver by appearing partial. He collected so much, that he could not only marry, but also buy a comfortable house.

When Master Krafft had ended his story, I begged him to shew me some of his works in sculpture, as the Sacrament-shrine in the church of St. Lorenz had immortalised his name among the first artists of Nürnberg. According to my desire, he led me into the front workshop, and here shewed me the models in plaster of the sculptures which

adorn the exterior of St. Sebald's church ; all splendid works. Strange that I should now for the first time observe these in casts with all the care they deserved, although I had passed by the originals several times a day ! Krafft drew my attention to a very well-grouped representation of the Last Supper, in which the Saviour as well as all the Apostles were portraits of living persons, mostly members of the council. I recognised directly, when I looked closely at it, Herr Imhoff, and Herr Volckamer who held a drinking-cup, and the master himself with his bald head and long beard. I asked him whom he had ventured to represent as the Saviour and as Judas. "I gave to the Saviour," said Krafft, "the features of the man who is considered to be the most pious in our city, I mean the Provost Melchior Pfinzing, equally prized as a poet and a scholar by the emperor. I took as the representative of Judas, Lazarus Spengler, out of revenge, because he had sported the wicked joke, that I had prudently waited, from fear of the for-

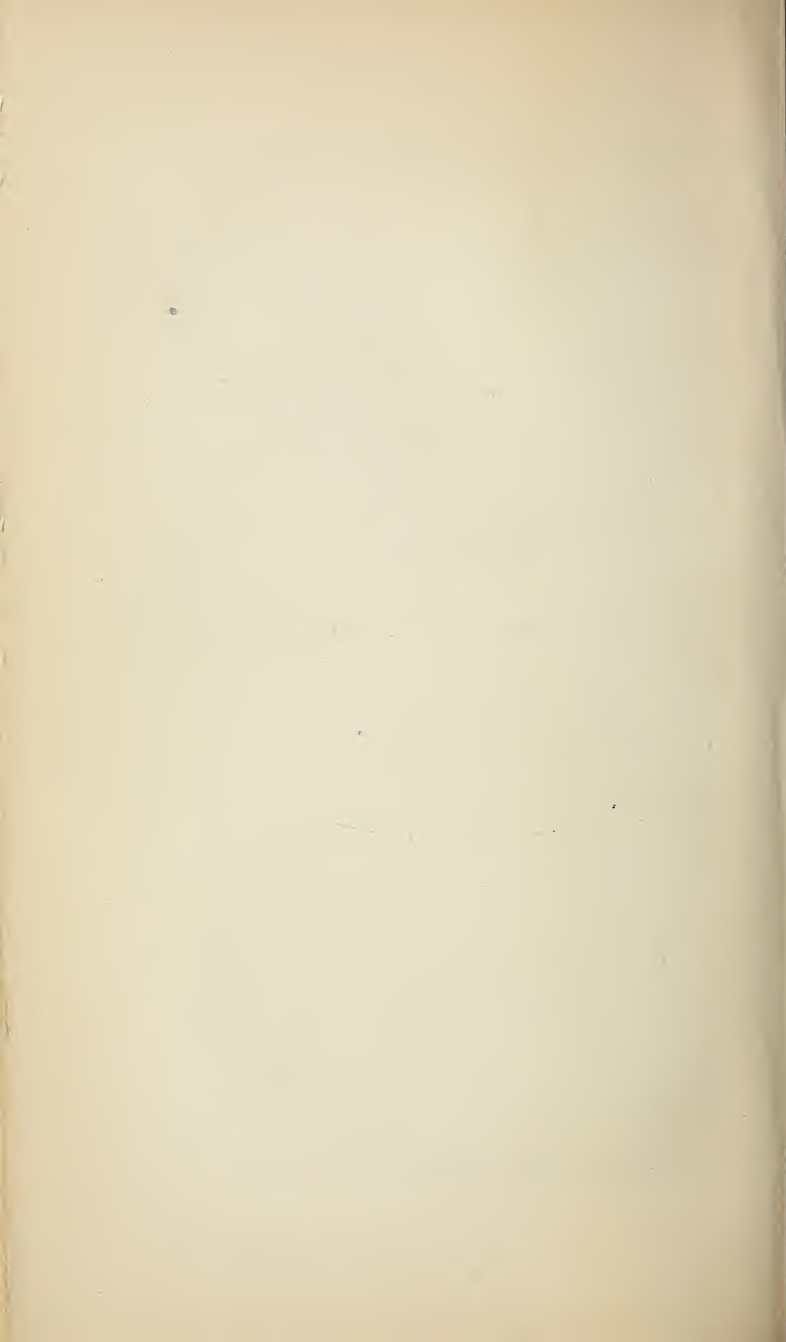
bidden fruit, till Eva had lost her teeth. But Herr Spengler was not angry with me for it; and consoled himself with this, that Judas had only once betrayed the Saviour, while, on the other hand, Peter had denied him three times; for I have here represented myself as Peter."

In a chamber close by I saw several figures in stone, as large as life, of which only a few were finished. They belonged, as I saw from a drawing, to a group which consisted of fifteen figures, and represented an Entombment. With the same feelings with which dear children bring to his last rest a deceased father, the faithful disciples were here seen burying their Friend and Teacher. As the sun hid his face at the death of the Redeemer, so here the Mother of sorrows, in a nun's veil, held her hands before her countenance, a trembling image of grief. How the Magdalene, with pious fervour, was kissing the foot of the lifeless corpse, which she had once moistened with spikenard and wiped with her long golden hair! Here was the

bearded Joseph of Arimathea, who with touching carefulness was laying the Saviour in the rock tomb, and who represented the unmistakeable likeness of the artist. What shall I say of the principal figure, which was among the rest what the Saviour is among the Apostles ! This incomparable work had been executed for Gabriel Holzschuher, member elect of the council, for his chapel in the cemetery of St. John. Krafft asked me, as I expressed to him my astonishment, how I had been pleased with his other carvings in stone in the cemetery of St. John. With shame I was obliged to confess that I had as yet not seen the world-renowned cemetery and his works which adorned it. Immediately the active old man offered himself to me as a guide ; but I declined his proposal, on account of my journey to Augsburg. Meanwhile, I promised him, as soon as I should have returned to Nürnberg, to visit the cemetery of St. John in his company. Not without emotion could I part from the good father Krafft.

PART II.

SECOND SOJOURN IN NÜRNBERG.





SECOND SOJOURN IN NÜRNBERG.

CHAPTER I.

THE SURLY SHOEMAKER. THE HERREN-KELLER.*



HAD completed my business in Augsburg and Regensburg to my satisfaction, and turned with a glad heart towards Nürnberg.

My longing after my beloved was great, and I therefore thought I must hasten the more quickly and joyfully to the haven of my bliss. Foolishly enough! since experience might have taught me that I was no nearer the maiden in Nürnberg than a hundred miles off. My entrance into the city this time resembled the former but little. At that time pleasures of every kind seemed united to

* 'Herren-keller,' the name of a wine-vault in Nürnberg: literally, "cellar resorted to by gentlemen."

welcome me ; now I met only vexation and sorrow.

In cheerful spirits I drove over a good and level road towards the Frauen-Thor,* jolted along in a little carriage ; and behind me four strong horses drew a wagon, on which the goods I had purchased were packed, fastened with cords and chains. Rather more than a mile before reaching the city, where the high road becomes narrower, I overtook a miserable vehicle which was going in the same direction. It was a small peasant's cart, packed quite full of leather, dragged along with difficulty by a creeping skeleton of a horse, which even living would have seemed to be in its fittest place in the wagon. The driver, a youth about twenty years of age, with curled beard and a remarkably lively eye, in his wagoner's frock and shabby cap, looked little better than the rest of the equipage. I perceived at once, by the blackness of his hands, what craft

* Gate of our Lady.

he belonged to. He was, as I had rightly conjectured, a shoemaker of Nürnberg, who had been purchasing leather in the country around. As it was my wish to arrive at Nürnberg as quickly as possible, this crazy vehicle appeared the more vexatious, as I could tell beforehand that paying the duty on the leather would occasion a long delay at the gate, while my packages, which were going to Frankfurt, would only require to be furnished with leaden seals. When, therefore, I drew near to the shoemaker, I called to him to move a little to one side, that I might pass by. Unintentionally, I said this in rather a commanding tone, as we often, in haste, forget ourselves. He replied scornfully, "I might see if I could overtake him;" and with that put his nag into a quick trot, and the whip supplied what his beast wanted in spirit. He might well set me at defiance, as my horses were already somewhat tired, and my wagon not fit to run a race. When he saw that I had no doubt of the swiftness of his greyhound-like steed, he again resumed

his sober pace, and left me slowly to follow, as though it were a hearse. My amusement now was, the merry songs which the shoemaker—perhaps in order to provoke me still more with his humour—gaily and pleasantly sung. I did not give up the hope of subduing his obstinacy, and I thought I could avail myself of the moment when, having dropped his whip, he hastily sprang out of the wagon to pick it up. I got down from my carriage, ran up to him, and addressed him in a friendly tone. I asked him if he belonged to Nürnberg, praised his songs, and offered him my wine-flask after I had drank to his health, remarking that a draught was a good thing in hot weather. But he gave me a short answer to all, and assured me that in his frock he suffered nothing from heat ; and that as to drink, if he wanted it, he would turn in to the wine-cellar at the gate. I asked him, alleging important business, to allow me to enter the gate before him. But he replied, that he also had business, and that I need not think to take

precedence of him because he was a poor shoemaker and I a rich merchant. He said he supposed I must be a stranger. "I am a stranger," said I; "but not strange in Nürnberg, where I am constantly treated by every one with the most sedulous kindness, so that when I return to my native city I shall never be able to praise the noble Nürnbergers enough. And therefore it would give me the greater pain, if I were to-day to make an experience of a different kind." "The Nürnberg citizens," said he, "are too renowned to make a little additional praise or blame of any importance to them." He had no sooner said this, than he again seated himself on his skins, and drove his horse on. I implored him, I scolded, I swore, but all in vain. He smacked his whip, and drove in at the dark gate. Here he waited on the receiver of tolls, and mean while exchanged his wagoner's frock for a plain dress. I was obliged also to stay, and had time to observe the gate, and the decorations which were set up against it. The gate was decked

out like a triumphal arch. A gaily-painted scaffolding of laths was erected in front, hung in every part with chaplets of flowers and festoons of foliage,* but the leaves and flowers were already withered, and nothing any longer in befitting order. Then I recollected the firing of cannon I had heard a hundred times on my way, by which, as the people told me, the arrival of the Emperor Maximilian in Nürnberg was celebrated; and all was now clear. "Yes, good emperor, for thee this flowery canopy was woven, on which thou perhaps didst hardly deign to cast a look, and which I am now forced to admire, in order, though against my will, to make amends for thy neglect." Thus I thought to myself, whilst hide after hide was being counted on the shoemaker's wagon.

The sun was burning hot, my impatience

* The reading here is, "*die Pforten waren gar köstlich geziert mit Kammerspielen*,"—the gates were daintily adorned with chamber-devices. '*Kammerpiele*' must mean allegorical representations.

knew no bounds, and I made another attempt kindly and earnestly to persuade him to draw his wagon close up to the wall, which he might easily have done, so that my loaded wagon might pass by, the packages in which would only require sealing with lead. But I got nothing but abuse from him, which, as I saw no prospect of attaining my object, I repaid with interest. The receiver of tolls, who had gone away, appeared again, and stated how much had to be paid for the leather. Whereupon my man cocked his hat, and vowed he never would pay so much. "He knew what the toll for the leather was." The toll-receiver insisted on the payment of the sum; but the shoemaker stuck to it that he would not pay a stiver too much. The latter gained the victory; for it was found that the toll-receiver had mistaken fine horse-leather for calf-skin, and at length suffered the real nature of the article to be pointed out to him. In an instant the shoemaker nimbly dragged a hide out of the heap, and rubbed a corner of it,

and made him notice the smell, which was quite different from that of calf-skin. He now came to an agreement as to the toll. A leathern purse, which he drew forth, was more than once turned over ; but the necessary amount of stivers was not forthcoming. I had waited an intolerably long time ; and it was not generosity which led me at last to come forward and declare myself ready to pay the money which was wanting. But he cried out : “ No ; nothing from generosity. See, there comes my friend, as though I had called him.”

I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw Herr Hans Imhoff as the man to whom he pointed. He (having been informed by myself of my return) had, with his wonted kindness, come as far as the gate to meet me. The refined Imhoff pressed the hand of this unpolished man as heartily as he did my own, who was his true friend. My astonishment rose still higher, when I heard that the shoemaker was Hans Sachs, the world-renowned poet. I stared at him with open eyes ; and in

consideration of his fame forgave him half his fault ; for

. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

Imhoff mentioned his name to me, and made us acquainted with each other ; when Sachs was obliged, on account of fresh arrivals, to make way, and drive on with his aërial Pegasus. Imhoff called after him, telling him to come directly to the Herren-keller. My meeting with Hans Sachs, which at first had provoked me beyond measure, now offered a thousand subjects for laughter between me and my friend. He described the poet to me, many of whose works I was acquainted with (particularly his capital Jests and Carnival-plays), as an excellent man, who was only rather irritable. I complied with the wish of Herr Imhoff ; and after I had given the necessary directions respecting my wagon, I stayed behind at the gate to join him in celebrating our meeting again over a flask of wine ; for he represented it to me as an affair of conscience to become acquainted

with the Herren-keller, or, as it was sometimes called, the great Raths-keller,* which lay close by, and which vied in celebrity with the most remarkable things in Nürnberg.

The entrance to this vault lay opposite to the custom-house ; but the cellar itself ran under the street, and extended as far as the custom-house hall. It was a very ancient dusky vault, longer than any church in the city. Between the short pillars, whose innumerable rows had by torch-light an awful effect, lay huge casks side by side, which, for our consolation, contained an inexhaustible fountain of joyousness. Deep and damp is the mine from which the noble gold is procured, thought I, and deep and damp therefore must the bed of the river be, in which flows the ruddy juice of noble wine ; and so I gave no place to my dismal feelings. After we had been conducted through the long avenue of pillars by the cellarer, who, by the glimmering light, called our attention to the

* That is, the cellar resorted to by the gentlemen and counsellors of Nürnberg.

numbers and the gaily painted comical devices of particular casks, we returned to the entrance, where the light of day smiled on us cheerfully after the darkness of night. Near the steps was already placed, as my friend had ordered, a table, with bottles and glasses. To sit here quietly, after the jolting of the wagon, was most comfortable. My inquiries after all the dear friends in Nürnberg were frequently confused, through my affectionate eagerness.

In the mean time, the stubborn poet came in merry and cheerful; who having, like myself, accepted Imhoff's invitation, had taken the bridle off his brown steed, and thrown him a feed of hay. Full of deep philosophic thought, he gave himself no further care. Sachs pressed my hand in token of reconciliation; and I was glad to see this. He then seized a well-filled glass, and drank it off at one draught, with the words, "To his health at whose cost I drink." "Had I been aware," I began, "that you were the renowned poet, Hans Sachs, I should have con-

sidered it an honour to drive after you ; for they who precede kings are not of so much importance as they who immediately follow them." " And if I could have divined," replied Hans Sachs, " that you were a friend of Imhoff's, and that you also could be rich without making a boast of it, I would have spared my poor jaded horse, and not have scorned your wine-flask, for I was excessively thirsty." " Nevertheless," I returned, " you were too short and hasty ; and yet it is said that

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

" Poets," he replied, " are the sons of Apollo, and have inherited from him the gift of seership. I perceived directly what was the cause of your great haste, and would not allow you to pass me, that you might not drink all the wine before I came.

That you may ne'er repent these acts,
Devoutly prays your friend Hans Sachs."

With that he attached himself to me, and we were the best of friends, especially when

he heard that I was fond of the fine arts, and even meddled a little with poetry. His conversation was as enlivening as it was clever; and I could not yet make clear to myself how the unmannerly shoemaker and the learned poet could be one and the same person; nor how Hans Sachs could have found time, with his business, to compose so many poems, for their number had already reached to some thousands; and still less, how he could read so many works, by ancient and modern authors. When he maintained an argument, he often quoted passages from the ancient classics, and often from those which I hardly knew even by name. I said I should much like some day to hear him recite a poem. He replied, "this might some time be; but not just now, for he must go home, where wild youths, when the master is away, would do no good to the apprentices." He drank a few glasses more, thanked his host for his hospitality, rejoiced to have made acquaintance with me, and then went his way whistling.

Imhoff now told me what a stirring life

there had been in Nürnberg since the arrival of the emperor. I earnestly inquired of him concerning our mutual friends. "How is Dürer?" I asked. "Is my altar-piece yet finished? What is Adam Krafft doing, that worthy old man?" "Your altar-piece," he replied, "is finished, and Adam Krafft has finished his labours too." I looked at him with mingled doubt and surprise; and he repeated, that Master Krafft had closed his life as gently as he had passed it. His sudden death and his great merit had caused him to be lamented like a beloved youth, on whose grave the promise of an uncertain future casts garlands. Imhoff gave me the intelligence with a heart deeply touched, and sorrow overshadowed my countenance. "Thou hast ill kept thy word, venerable master," I began; "thou who but lately didst promise to visit with me the cemetery of St. John." "Now," rejoined my companion, "you can, alas, visit him there." This appeared to me a sacred duty; and I made an agreement with my friend shortly to take a

view of the master-works of Krafft at that place, and repeat a pater-noster at his tomb.

We now left the wine-cellar. Imhoff promised to shew me a splendid work of Krafft's which was in the neighbourhood. It adorned the gate of the Weigh-house, and expressed in truth the destination of the building. It contained three figures, and represented the usual weighing of goods for the payment of duties. How attentively did the weigh-master look at the tongue of the balance, observing whether it told truly, or whether it doubtfully vacillated on this side or that! The merchant was seen reluctantly taking out his purse; whilst a boy held a weight ready to add to those already in the scales.

“Examine this,” said Imhoff; “it is a companion to the Goose-man of your idolised Vischer, and my extreme admiration for Adam Krafft will not then appear unreasonable. But we will not, by a comparison of these works, set these masters in opposition to each other, who ever lived together in blessed harmony. As they emulated each

other in works of art, so did they also in works of love, free from envy and jealousy, each conscious of his own worth. When Krafft had executed this subject from common life, as successfully as he had formerly subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures, Vischer also wished to shew his talent in similar undertakings, and produced the Gooseman. The novelty of the production excited general attention. Many gave the preference to this work, many to that. I was thereupon the occasion of a brilliant contest. Often had I heard Krafft extol the beauty of the fountain near the church of Our Lady. It was no wonder that this work should attract him more than any other, since he was a sculptor and architect; and no where could be seen a more beautiful union of these two arts than in this pyramidal fountain, with its stately figures. It was his most ardent desire some day to execute a similar work. Eight hundred gulden, which I had made in a speculation, I set apart to make Krafft happy, and to leave a valuable legacy to the

church of St. Lorenz. Never before had Vischer envied his fellow-worker in art till now, when he was engaged in constructing the marvellous Sacrament-shrine in that church. Herr Sebald Schreyer, who had the charge of the church of St. Sebaldus, used every effort to collect, by alms and money for indulgences, an equal sum, for which his church might be adorned with a no less glorious monument. Peter Vischer was chosen to execute the work. Thus two works arose,—Krafft's Sacrament-shrine and Vischer's tomb of St. Sebaldus,—one alone of which would have sufficed to preserve our city in everlasting remembrance. Every one gazed, examined, and wondered; but no one ventured to exalt one work above the other. Only two men gave a decided expression of opinion. Peter Vischer said, that no more perfect work of art existed in Nürnberg than the Sacrament-shrine; and Adam Krafft maintained that the tomb of St. Sebaldus could never be surpassed."

With heartfelt interest did I listen to this

narration, which made me lament yet more bitterly the death of the old master. Meanwhile the hours had flown by, and I resolved to pursue my way, as the piteous look of my coachman could not escape me, and I was sorry for my wearied horses. I wished Herr Imhoff to step into my carriage, that I might drive him home; but he declined my invitation. I parted from him, calling out to my coachman: "Now, quick to the Golden Rose!" To-day, however, I was fated to have my progress opposed and hindered in many ways.

Hardly had I reached the Place of St. Lorenz, when a motley crowd of people stopped my way. I soon perceived that the Emperor was about to pass by; and as I was desirous to see him and his suite, instead of turning into a side-street, I ordered the coachman to stop. Two runners, in party-coloured dresses, who sometimes swung their golden-headed staves round in a circle, and sometimes flung them into the air and cleverly caught them again, opened the procession.

Then came the splendid chariot of the emperor, drawn by eight jet-black steeds. Of the emperor himself, I could, alas, only see the plumed cap, for he was concealed from me by a stout man, Johannes Stabius, poet-laureate and imperial historiographer. On the back-seat sat the merry counsellor Cunz von der Rosen, in a harlequin dress, and with cap and bells. He was the constant and faithful companion of the emperor. Among the followers, Johannes von Schwarzenberg appeared to me the most striking, on account of his extraordinary size, encased as he was in iron armour from head to foot.

I asked some people who stood near my carriage, whither the emperor was going. They answered me with a smile, "The emperor is going again into the little street to the ladies." "Is the emperor, then, so deeply in love?" thought I to myself. The enigma was afterwards solved. The emperor truly was in love—but with art. He went daily into the Lady-Street (whence the joke), to the house of the wood-engraver


Rösch, who was known under his baptismal name, Hieronymus. The artist was lame, and could not go to the emperor, who therefore came to the artist, as he was executing a work for him. A rare example truly of condescension! Hieronymus was an inimitable master, and he it was who, after Dürer's designs, engraved in wood the triumph of the glorious emperor Maximilian; a festive procession consisting of many groups. The emperor found a singular pleasure in such representations.





CHAPTER II.

THE RED-SMITH PETER VISCHER AND HIS SONS.

VEN before I had been to Master Dürer and my other friends, all of whom I loved so heartily, I betook myself to Peter Vischer; for I had something of importance in my thoughts, about which I wished to talk to him and ask his advice. I found his dwelling without a guide. I stood a long time, as before, in the dark entry, and knocked at the well-known oaken door; but this time also no "Come in" was to be heard. Formerly every thing was still as death; but now I heard a sweet full-toned song sung by several women. It was a hymn, and I felt my spirit as devout as if I were about to enter a chapel. At one passage of the song, where the voices dropped, I redoubled

my knocking, and the door was opened to me.

It was a lovely sight to see four women, still young, sitting diligently at their distaffs, and, that their work might prosper, singing to it a pious song. In the middle of the room played two most lovely little children, who were amusing themselves with a kitten, to which they threw a cork at the end of a piece of twine, and then drew it back again. At this pleasant sight, it was long before I could find words to address one of the women. At length I asked the one who sat next to me, after she had greeted me in return, whether I could speak to Herr Peter Vischer. "Do you desire to speak to my husband or my father-in-law?" was her answer. "Herr Peter Vischer, the copper-founder." Thus I tried to explain myself more distinctly. "My husband also is a copper-founder," said she, smiling. "You are too young, dear lady," I observed, "to be the wife of the one whom I am seeking, but very probably you may be his daughter."

The other three women, one of them blooming like a young girl, concerned for my embarrassment, had before exclaimed with one voice: "Surely the strange gentleman means our father-in-law!" The explanation took me as much by surprise as the previous question; for highly as I esteem woman's industry, it yet seemed to me too much that such young women, on a visit to their father-in-law, instead of gossiping, joking, and laughing over their evening meal, should be turning the wheel so diligently.

Whilst I still stood amongst them, there came out of the adjoining room, to look at the stranger, a number of children, girls and boys, all merry and brisk, whose fear was overcome by curiosity. "Our father-in-law and our husbands are busy to-day in the foundry, so be so good as to take a seat till the old man comes." So said one of the women, and offered me a chair, while she told a boy (Anton was his name) to call his grandfather. I begged for permission to go with the boy, as I wished to see the

foundry, and the old master at his work. After she had begged me to take care not to hit myself, for the passage was narrow and dark, the boy ran on first, and I followed him.

Hardly had I closed the room-door, when the heart-inspiring song began again. My little guide brought me through a cellar-like passage, resembling a shaft, into a narrow court built all round. There were to be seen geese, ducks, and hens, which took flight at our approach, whilst a goat sprang boldly towards the boy and licked his hand, out of which she had often taken bread. In a corner, behind a wooden partition, a pig grunted greedily. Yet, confined as the court was, and though the sun found but little entrance, it appeared to serve the contented family as a garden, for under an aspen-tree were to be seen a table and two benches. My eyes were principally directed towards a building which consisted entirely of rough stones, in which one perceived no window, but only an arched door, out of which occa-

sionally issued a thick white vapour. Hardly were we in the court, when Anton called out several times, "Grandfather!" At last a man of about thirty came out of the foundry, and asked, "What do you want, my little son?" Although his hands and face were begrimed with black, and his hair bristled up as the painters represent that of the condemned in hell, yet I was struck with the remarkable resemblance between the boy and him, and between him and the old Herr Vischer. I told him my wish, and he begged me to have a little patience, till his father could leave the furnace. I learned from him that his name was Johann; that he and his four brothers assisted their father, who had no other journeymen, in his business; and that the women whom I had seen spinning together so diligently were their wives. They formed, in fact, one family, and lived all together in one house with their father, in a small space, but contentedly. Such happy families are scarce, thought I to myself; and the story made me both glad and sorry,

as I thought of the quarrels I had had with my only sister.

In the mean time Master Vischer, who had seen me in the court, came forth—the little thick-set man with the curly beard, from whose shoulders hung a leathern apron. He greeted me most heartily, and said that I had come at the right time, as he had just now a work on hand. Catharine Tucherin, the aged sister of the Herr Burgomaster, had just died, and the heirs had ordered a bronze monument to be erected to her memory in the cathedral. “Our Herr Burgomaster,” said Vischer, “has inherited from her a nice little sum; but I do not grudge it him, for he is a worthy man, who has many to support.” His story was not indifferent to me, as I thought of the burgomaster’s daughter, and of her beloved Schäufelin, into whose purse also something might have flowed. “Wait here a little while, my dear Herr Heller,” said the old man, “till the greatest heat is past, for at present you would be unable to bear the

vapour." He went bustling back into the casting-house. I drew near to the door, and immediately the smoke so affected my eyes, as to draw tears from them. As I thus looked into the workshop, and saw how every thing appeared to go up in flames, and how Vischer's sons ran about, and the master directed this and that, it reminded me of Vulcan and the Cyclops, although the old Vischer was sound in his feet, and his sons all appeared to be fine handsome men. The master soon turned back to me, and said that he could now chat with me in peace, and that he would rather see me in his house than kings and princes, who consumed his precious time for mere amusement.

He begged me to sit down with him on the bench, and as it was dirty, he hastily took off his apron, laid it on its right side on the plank, and then invited me again. "My eldest son" (thus he began), "my Hermann, a clever workman, is lately come from Italy, and has brought with him some most beautiful drawings. All these you must see. I was

also once in Italy, and still live continually on the recollection of it. Yes, whoever puts his foot into Italy, into this boot of Europe, draws on three-league boots in art, and will soon make progress. The Italians, who are otherwise a false set of vagabonds—that is to say, the publicans, who would squeeze out of the poor travelling journeyman his last gulden for a piece of bread,—stand in Art above all. All my sons, as many as you see there, shall go to Italy, although it should cost me my last stiver.” In opposition to this I remarked, that highly as I prized him, together with his sons, for the sake of Art, yet the social life of his family pleased me still more. “Yes,” said Vischer, “we might certainly live more roomily and not so squeezed together; but it may have its advantage; if we stand so near together, we cannot use our hands against one another. Yes, we live in close contact, but happy and united. My wife, I trust she is among the blessed, taught my sons the art of living together; and the blessing of good parents pays interest to chil-

dren and children's children. Look yonder at all my sons; they honour their father, as I honoured mine."

In the mean time Hermann, of whom the old man spoke, had joined us. He looked pale; and truly he must never have experienced any sorrow, who did not discover in his features traces of the most bitter grief. He listened to us silently for a while, and turned his face away when his father boasted of his happiness. "Stranger," he then began, "had you come to us a year ago, you would have found in our little dwelling five happy couples. My wife since then has left me." "She was faithless to you?" I asked with sympathy. "Yes, she was faithless to me—she who so long proved herself a pattern of fidelity; home-sickness tore her from my side." Thus the poor man lamented; and then I said, "So your wife was not of this place?" "No, she came from above yonder, whither she has returned." Burning tears followed his words. I could have wept with him; but the old man shook his head and said, "Yes,

the wicked gipsy prophesied to me that I should outlive all mine. That is hard; but if God sends it, it must be endured.—Nay, then, Hermann, do not weep so. Shall we in vain have let you take a journey to Rome, which, indeed, has fallen sufficiently hard on me and your brothers? But no; you have certainly not travelled in vain. Fetch the portfolio here quickly, with the drawings which you brought with you, and exhibit them to us, for Herr Heller understands it.”

Hermann withdrew. As I heard so much of filial love, (how can there be happiness without it?) I made the master acquainted with the particular object of my coming. I brought out the drawing carefully rolled together, which I preserved as a precious gift from Vischer, and declared to him that I intended to have a figure in bronze, of the size of life, cast from it. Vischer looked at the drawing, which so expressively represented St. Martin, and then acknowledged that it was not badly conceived, and that a bronze

figure from such a subject might look very well.

“ I have been forming a plan,” I began, “ to erect a monument to the memory of my deceased father; not however a monument of grief in the church, but a representation of his virtue in some fine public place. *Vitam, non mortem cogita!* were words I read lately on a small bronze which came out of your foundry, and the phrase exactly expressed my feelings. But the following is the reason why I have chosen St. Martin. My departed father was called Martin; and the place in Aschaffenburg where his house was situated, is still called the Place of St. Martin. Rich as he was, he was equally benevolent, and like St. Martin willingly shared his cloak with the poor man. And therefore I wish to have his image surrounded by allegorical figures of charity,—a conspicuous object, where now there is only an insignificant fountain.” I laid before him a sketch of the latter from the hand of an architect.

Vischer took from his pocket a piece of red

chalk; and on the leaf of the table, which he set up firmly, drew for me many beautiful designs. In the middle stood St. Martin, on a high stone. At the four corners of the basin sea-horses spurted out jets of water, while their dolphin-tails curled upwards in stone. Between them stood four figures: first Beneficence, pouring water out of a pitcher on some little fishes which lay on the ground; the fishes were to recall to memory the name of the master;—then Plenty, a woman from whose mouth and breasts water gushed forth;—next was Wealth, who bore a lapful of coins, and before whom a boy was pouring water from a cornucopia; the coins were to signify the founder, *Heller*;—in the last place Virtue, who was inclining a chalice over a chafing-dish; that is, extinguishing the fire of sensuality by the water of faith.

I was astonished at his skill and talent for design, and every thing appeared to me quite admirable. Vischer thought that it would cost a pretty piece of gold, and that he and

Herr Rössner might make something considerable by it.* I begged him as soon as possible to send me an estimate of the cost, and added, that as it concerned the memory of my father, and as Heaven had prospered my business in Augsburg, I would spare nothing. The work cost really a large sum, which I pass over in silence, that my heirs may not blame me some future day when they read this.

Vischer at first was unwilling to cast the St. Martin according to the design he had sketched, and thought that in the portfolio of his son I should find something that would look better. In the mean time the sons came each and all out of the foundry, wiping the drops of perspiration from their red heated faces with the sleeves of their shirts. The sons were five in number. Hermann, the young widower, was the eldest. Peter, the handsomest of all, with his long light-brown

* Conrad Rössner's business was to fashion or 'burn' brass, and he bore, in consequence, the name of 'the burner.' He prepared the brass for Vischer's Sebaldus-tomb.

hair and beard, was skilled in learning, and, like Albrecht Dürer, was a member-elect of the council. His face seemed familiar to me, and yet for a long time I could not make out where and when I had seen him. Hans was the exact image of his father; only where in the latter you saw a bushy beard, in him was only a thin growth. Paul had something unpleasing in his countenance, and I heard that he was furnished with a double row of teeth,—and for this reason he was of such a snappish temper. Strangers he received roughly, because they disturbed him at his work; otherwise, at home, he was ready for any service, and kind. The most faithful house-dogs are the most savage against strangers. Lastly, the youngest, Jacob, was the favourite son, the Benjamin amongst his brethren. We often find that parents love their youngest children best; but he might also deserve it, for he was always cheerful and of a kindly disposition; and now he might well laugh, for it was the first week of his honeymoon. All these sons were cradled in

their art, and in every thing that belongs to copper-casting their father had well instructed them ; but, as never fails to be the case, even among masters, that one is more distinguished in this point, and another in that, so was it found to be the case here also. When they received an order, it was the father who sketched the design of the whole ; Peter next, who knew all the poets, ancient and modern, and read the former even in the Latin, searched through all his books, and designed pretty devices, either taken from the heathen mythology, or from the Scripture history, or from the legends of the Saints. Hermann then made a little model out of clay, which looked so pretty, that if it had been white-washed, it might have been taken for a work in ivory. When this was ready, then came Paul's turn, who made after it a clay-model of the intended size, in order either to take casts from it in clay, or to take the impression of it in a mould of sand. The youthful Jacob, with a file, gave to the cast-metal, when it was ready, the highest degree of finish. Hans was a

mechanist in brass, who had long been apprenticed to the locksmith's business with Master Heuss.* He prepared first the wooden frame-work, upon which the great figures of clay were moulded; and when the works in bronze were ready, it was he who put together the separate parts with the utmost skill, so that one who had no knowledge might suppose that the largest work consisted of a single piece, for no trace was to be seen of rivets and pins. He was often accustomed to say, although only in joke, that he was the principal workman among them all, like the carpenter among builders, though it might not immediately appear so. But what could the mason do, if he did not furnish the scaffolding for the walls, and the arches for the vaulted roof? So was he also the carpenter who first prepared the frame-work, on which the others only fastened clay; and when it was ready, set up the structure.

* Hans or George Heuss was a master-locksmith, and constructed the ingenious clockwork at the Church of Our Lady.

Hermann opened the large portfolio, and shewed us beautiful drawings of wonderfully splendid works by Florentine masters, who in sculpture have outdone all others, from the earliest times to that of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. Of the last-named master he shewed us the "David with the Sling," and the "Moses with the Tables of the Law." It was a delight to examine these treasures with artists, each of whom being a minute critic, soon discovered the genuine and the spurious. But much as I found here worthy of praise, still Vischer's "St. Martin" pleased me more than all, and I adhered to it.

The heat of the foundry was now bearable; and Vischer, who expected his guests to be able to bear fire, smoke, and coal-dust, led me now to the casting-furnace, from which he never turned away, when the casting was completed, without a pious prayer. Boys, who looked like sweeps, were continually shovelling coals into the fire. As I passed by them, they held out to me for drink-money their paper caps, like those which

the choristers wear at the festival of the Three Kings. These prevented their hair from being singed.

Hans Vischer explained every thing to me, and I was astonished to see how human sagacity could so rule the elements. The model consisted of clay, fire melted the metal, and water moved the bellows which forced out the air. The foundry was a lofty vault, in the middle of which rose up a tower-like chimney. To this adjoined another vaulted building, where, besides a work in bronze, (the monument of an Archbishop of Magdeburg,) were to be found the models, some large and some small, of most of his works, such as a statue of Apollo, and the Apostles from the Tomb of St. Sebaldus. The first did not seem to me quite in the antique style, and I expressed my opinion. Paul—that was the churlish one—stared at me, and said, “Every thing may have fault found with it. Hermann has lately told us a pleasant little story of the great Michael Angelo, when he had finished and erected the large statue of

David. A senator saw the same, and declared that the nose was much too large. The artist quickly took up a chisel, and ascended the scaffolding to correct the fault ; but he only appeared to apply the steel, and strewed marble-dust below. Suddenly the senator called out, ' Stop ! now all is right.' The senator saw the long nose no more—but the artist did."


The remark annoyed me ; but as I read displeasure in every countenance, I could not make any answer, and quickly turned to address the younger Peter. I had continually plagued myself with the question where I could have seen him ; now, at the mention of the name David, it occurred to me, and I began : " Were not you the one who, at the festival of St. Sebaldus, wore the red cloak, and had a golden crown on your head, and played the lyre ? Yes, you represented King David in the festal procession." The old Vischer answered in the affirmative, and informed me that he might well perform the part of that singer, as he was skilled in the

art of a master-singer, and once already had obtained the prize. I had heard much at home of the delightful art of the *Master-singers*, and of the renowned Hans Sachs. So much the more pleasing therefore was the intelligence, that shortly a meeting of the singing-school would be held in honour of the emperor. The young Peter, whom I constantly grew more fond of, promised to fetch me and take me to it. In joy and peace I then parted from the Vischer family, and from Paul too.



CHAPTER III.

THE WOOD-CARVER, VEIT STOSS.

URING my stay in Nürnberg, no saint had so much reason to be satisfied with my devotion as St. Sebaldus. I had taken up my station at his tomb, and day by day had I paid my devotion to it; nor could I, when I beheld the monument, tear myself away from it, uncertain, however, whether it did more honour to the saint or to the admirable Peter Vischer. More and more did I admire the bronze structure, with its larger and smaller figures, its shafts and arches, its gables and turrets; and, however great my esteem for painting, I still thought that Christian sculpture of this kind might well assert its right to a place by its side.

As I was one day on my pilgrimage to St.

Sebaldus' church, an old man, whose steps were also thitherward bent, came up with me. He wore a shabby grey coat; and I perceived already, while he was yet far off, by his uncertain step, and by the manner in which he felt his way with a long stick, that he must be blind. Although his eye was closed, yet a benevolent expression was not wanting to his countenance; and he seemed, by his smooth grey hair and his long beard, to inspire with reverence the passers-by, who all made way for him. I saw that the man, equally with myself, belonged to the regular church-goers; for, without feeling around, he reached the steps at the entrance, and walked quickly in at the door without striking against it. To see persons afflicted like this poor man, who was bereft of the precious gift of sight, engaged in prayer, had always to me something attractive, since in such prayer is genuine fervour, and not the mere piety of custom. I felt myself on this account more than usually impelled, on this day, to visit the interior of the church; and

I saw the old man go straight up to the high altar. The sacristan was putting things in order again, as mass had just been performed, and the old man called to him, "Matthew, is it you?" "Coming directly, father," he replied, and placed the steps, which he had used when extinguishing the lights, before the altar. The blind man fearlessly ascended the steps. Pity, however, seized me, and I sprang to his side, to support him and guard him from falling. But he had succeeded in ascending the altar without my aid. On this altar, which was afterwards adorned by a painting of Dürer's, stood a high crucifix, carved in wood, in truth an incomparable work. The naked Saviour, who, with the crown of thorns upon his head, looking up to heaven, breathed out his soul in the words, "Father, forgive them!" was particularly to be admired for the accuracy and precision with which all the sinews and veins were marked. It was a touching spectacle to see how the blind man embraced the cross, and passed his fingers lightly over the feet of

the Mediator, which were fastened the one over the other with a nail. He raised himself on his toes, in order to reach the knees of the image, and in tender love to touch them. We may well pardon a little superstition, thought I to myself, in one so afflicted, if he thinks that the blood of Christ, who made the blind to see, will flow over him and cure him. I thought he would (as we often see done by people among the lower classes,) kiss the image while worshipping; but he did not move his lips, and only continued to feel the well-formed feet and knees, as though he were examining them. I turned to the sacristan with a look of inquiry, who told me that the old man, for the last three years, since he had become blind, had daily visited the church to delight himself with the image. The old man was Veit Stoss, formerly the most renowned wood-carver in Nürnberg, and the crucifix was his last work. After he had executed many admirable things, he received a commission for this work, and devoted himself to it with

holy zeal. With every morning prayer, he implored God, with tears in his eyes, to give him strength to render this work worthy the holiness of its subject, and then he would be well content never to succeed in any thing else. His figure of Christ was successful, and he became blind.

As the crucifix had lost something of the beauty of its appearance from the smoke of the wax-lights, I had directed less attention to it than I ought to have done. But the name of Veit Stoss was nevertheless not unknown to me, since I was immediately reminded of the large carved image in the church of St. Lorenz.

Meanwhile the old man had safely descended from the altar, and at once opened his heart to me, as the blind generally soon attach themselves. He was pleased that I took interest in his fate, but still more that I expressed my admiration of his masterpiece. "You will hardly believe me," he began, "but I would not wish for my eye-sight again, were this work to be the price of it;

for one never succeeds twice in such works. The recollection of it pleasingly illuminates my eternal night. Only in the beginning of my affliction, when I felt my hand firm, my imagination fertile, my knife sharp, did melancholy and despair sometimes seize me. With the same knife with which I had heretofore striven to immortalise my life, I would many a time have destroyed it, and cut my throat. Happy for me that I had a faithful wife and beloved foster-child, who prevented such a fate ; till at length my despondency changed to composure, and my composure to joy." I gave him to understand that Veit Stoss appeared to me equally great as an artist and as a man. As I had been pleased with the crucifix, he thought I might not dislike to become acquainted with other works of his ; and as he discovered from my pronunciation that I was a stranger, he asked me whether I had seen the Salutation of the Angel in the church of St. Lorenz. I replied in the affirmative ; but added that I should go again directly to the church of St. Lorenz,

that I might once more admire the exquisite art of the work, as the carving there had acquired a new interest for me, since I had become acquainted with the artist. "I will be your guide there," said the good old man, "if you will not object on account of my beggar's cloak, for I live not far from that church." "No, indeed," returned I, with a smile; "but it is somewhat strange that you should be a guide to me, who have the use of my eyes. But we must, first of all, strengthen ourselves for the walk: I see here a wine-cellar, at which we can refresh ourselves. Come, father, I will lead you down the steps." He then assured me that he had never drunk wine, and declined my offer.

I found in the old man a touching child-like simplicity and innocence of manner. He had always loved a retired quiet life, and had only been deterred from shutting himself up in the cell of a monk by the idea, that the hours spent in devotion would have withdrawn him too long from his labours as an artist. He had never sought society, seldom

even that of a single friend. He called all artists his friends, and estimated the value of their friendship by that of their works. He had married a wife to relieve him from domestic cares, so that he might devote himself entirely to art. In former times he had been frugal of his words ; now he talked much, and worked with his tongue, since he could no longer do so with his hands.

The old man excited my sympathy in the highest degree, and I did not fail to put questions, which were answered with pleasing openness. On my inquiring from whom he had learned his art, he placed before me a sketch of his life.

“ My master was a sculptor in Cracow, at once my father and my benefactor. A certain sanctity attaching to his memory prevents my doubting that he was as distinguished in art as he was in beneficence. He was once passing through a wood near Cracow, where a poor shepherd-boy was feeding his sheep and ingeniously cutting pipes. His attention was attracted towards him. He took me

with him, and brought me up as his own son. My foster-father died without seeing those hopes fulfilled which my industry and ability had led him to entertain. I diligently carved figures of saints, coloured them with paint, and heightened their attractions by gilded decorations. They were set up far and wide in the churches of Poland and Hungary. My fame was so great that the king of Portugal himself sent me an order for two images, an Adam and Eve. When these were taken out of the chest in which they were packed, the king assembled all the artists in his kingdom to see them, and give their opinions of them. The figures were of the size of life, and the truth of nature so far attained, that the artists, struck with surprise, were awed, looked fixedly at them, and were silent. Then said the king with a smile, ‘Who can do what Master Veit Stoss can? for he turns wood into men, and men into statues.’ I might now have heaped up riches, but I did not yet know the value of money; I kept what would supply my simple wants, and

gave the rest to the poor. It was not gold but fame that I strove to acquire; and with this view I resolved to go on my travels. Before I quitted Cracow, I divided all I had among the poor, and with one coat no better than this, and this staff, I set forth on my journey, full of confidence. I found employment every where; and came, it is now nineteen years ago, safe and sound to Nürnberg. My esteem for the artists of this place—with shame I confess my injustice—was very moderate, much as I had heard of their renown in other lands. They spoke to me flatteringly of my carved works; but I felt myself as little honoured by this as aggrieved by many a censure. I had to pay hard for my conceit, when I once saw in the Townhall the Four Apostles of Dürer, truly divine pictures. I would fain have prostrated myself before them, and smote upon my breast, and cried, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’ All that I attempted seemed to me worthless and ugly. More than ten times had I carved the figures of Paul and Peter, the latter with the

keys, the former with the sword ; but in Dürer's life-like pictures did I for the first time see their whole being expressed. Yes, so looked the beloved disciple, and so the terrible Saul. My humility continually increased, when now, even in other paintings of Dürer, which I had hitherto contemptuously overlooked, inimitable beauties forced themselves on my attention, and when I perceived in the works of Vischer and Krafft a touching and natural truthfulness, and in my own works in wood a wooden clumsiness, without either grace or dignity. The figure on which I was then at work, a St. Lorenz, I flung scornfully into the fire, for which only it was fit, and warmed myself at the flame of its martyrdom. I now suffered my implements for carving to grow rusty, and seized a pencil and graving-tool, resolved that Dürer should share his fame with me. Without instruction, undeterred by a thousand unfortunate attempts, the greatest difficulties yielded to my zeal. Even Dürer himself, whose friendship I now sought, could

not withhold his admiration of my works, however often he might shake his head at my resolution to abandon sculpture. At that time the city was exhausting itself in the praises of Krafft's Sacrament-shrine, and soon after of Vischer's Tomb of St. Sebaldus; and I could not but join in praising these works aloud, though in secret I wept burning tears. Herr Hans Tucher, a pious man, the father of our burgomaster, ordered of me about this time a carved image which might worthily take its place by the side of Krafft's monument of art for the decoration of the church of St. Lorenz. Albrecht Dürer had thus contrived it. Then the Mother of Grace illuminated my mind after a prayer, and I sharpened my knife and wrought day and night at the Heavenly Salutation in a grand and elevated style. Yes, I celebrated, like the phoenix, my second birth. My fame resounded afar, and with the names of Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer, that of Veit Stoss was not forgotten. The brilliancy of my last work, the Son of God, was too great; it ex-

tinguished the light of my eyes. I do not complain; after many days of joy, one may well bear one night of sorrow; for the period of my blindness is but for a night."

"But how do you live, enviable old man, to be so cheerful?"

"I require little," he replied; "and formerly, when I laboured with indefatigable zeal, and often forgot my meals, I accustomed myself frequently to bear with hunger. I owe my present support to a foster-daughter, for whom a rich man pays me a considerable sum. My dwelling costs me nothing, since I live in the Spital. Thus I am free from care, and may well live to be a hundred years old."

Amid such discourse we had reached the church of St. Lorenz, and I could never sufficiently admire the ease with which the blind man knew how to find his way every where. We passed by the Sacrament-shrine, by which Imhoff has raised an eternal monument to himself, and stood for a long time in the centre of the church, over

which the glorious workmanship in wood hung from the roof, and then walked round it, to survey this masterpiece on every side. The whole was at least ten feet in height. Under a circlet sits the Eternal Father, with his crown and sceptre, in divine majesty, and his rays descend on the Virgin, who, in the attitude of prayer, is filled with both joy and fear at the message of the angel. These figures were in lovely union, encircled by a garland which alone might be called a crown of glory for the head of the artist. No pierced gold-work could be more elegant and ingeniously wrought. I did not clearly understand the meaning of the serpent, which I saw coiling itself round the lower part of the garland, with the apple in its mouth; and when I asked its meaning, Veit expressed himself in the following terms.

“ From my earliest years the songs of the master-singers had exercised over me a magical power. When I had in vain attempted to form a conception of this or that miracle, in order to reproduce it in an image, I threw

open my song-book, into which I had, with much labour, on festival evenings, transcribed a collection of songs,—and I found counsel there. In the spiritual songs of praise we find similitudes of deepest meaning, in which the discordant dies away into harmony, and our doubts are silenced, as restless children are cradled to sleep with songs. There, for instance, the Trinity is compared to a harp, in which wood, cord and finger together yield one tone; or to the nutmeg, in which the shell, the fibre and the kernel are equally valuable. Christ was called the rare unicorn, which cannot be captured by all our efforts, but which spontaneously draws near to a virgin of purity, and falls asleep on her lap. By his cry on the cross, the Redeemer made us alive, as the lion roars his young ones into life. The virginity of Mary is conceived of under the image of glass, through which the light of the sun shines without disturbing it; her conception under that of the fire, in which the Lord descended to Moses, without con-

suming the bush. Many such beautiful images were devised by these brave singers, and especially Conrad of Würzburg. ‘By the Ave,’ said he, ‘was Eve overcome. As, by her disobedience, Eve ruined the world under the old covenant, so, under the new, has the Ave undone the curse.’ Thus, you see, honoured sir, in my work, the serpent coils itself up at the feet of Mary as conquered, when the words, ‘Blessed art thou, pious maid!’ are uttered.”

I knew not whether most to praise the conception or the execution of the work; and the old man did not seem indifferent to my approbation. He invited me to accompany him to his house, that I might see another elaborate piece of carving. I went with him. Now I perceived that he had not been in earnest, when he said he lived near the church of St. Lorenz, for we turned back to the King’s-bridge, over which we had come. “There,” said he, “you see the Hospital of the Holy Ghost.” The building had already attracted my attention by its architecture and its cheer-

ful situation. It rested, in fact, on two lofty arches, which crossed one arm of the Pegnitz to the large island; and on its front gable the trees of a pleasant garden cast their green shadow.

We had soon reached Veit's dwelling, and mounted to his small room by two inconvenient flights of stairs. The blind man supported me with kindly attention, to save me from stumbling. I perceived that some one opened the room-door a little, and then suddenly slipped away. Nor did this escape my companion, and he murmured, "What is the girl about? She was always wont to spring forward to meet me."

A square piece of carved work, which I saw fastened into a wall, was no small treasure in the poor little chamber; I did not yet suspect that it concealed a treasure far greater. The work represented the crowning of Mary. With what humility did the Virgin kneel with folded hands, while God the Father and God the Son, with the tokens of earthly majesty, placed the crown on her

head! Who that beheld her but must worship, even as the angels who were represented above her! "How great would be the price of this work?" I asked, like a true tradesman. But he answered me, that he could not part with it, for it was as much his delight as his fiddle to the blind musician, and the handling of it did him good, like the tones of a harp. "Daughter mine," cried the old man, "come now. Thou hearest I have a visitor; come and set a stool for the gentleman."

Bashfully then did the sweet maiden, with fair hair and angel mien, come forth with hesitating steps, clad in simple household attire,—the Rosenthalerin,—and with her the joy of my heart. She curtsied and placed a rush-bottomed chair by the side of the white-scoured table of linden-wood. "This is the gentleman, dear father," she whispered to the old man, "who sent you the ducat on the feast of St. Sebaldus." Master Veit thanked me with emotion; and my tongue was now loosened, and I unreser-

vedly confessed to him the feelings that had so long filled my heart. Maria disappeared; perhaps she only hid herself to conceal the blushes on her cheeks, which shamed the scarlet of her bodice. The old man was greatly moved when I told him who I was, as well as my prosperous circumstances and my honourable intentions. "Does friend Dürer know of this?" he asked; "I received the maiden from him, and she has lived with me sixteen years—the whole of her life. She is a good and pious child. To part from her would be sad, did I not feel that her happiness would be mine. Oh, that I could reward her love! Yes—if you ever actually take the maiden, you must take this carved work with her; it shall be my bridal present." He wiped away the tears from his darkened eyes, but they were tears of joy. "Call Maria hither," I earnestly besought the old man, "that she may declare whether her feelings correspond with mine. Let this day be the brightest of my life!" Veit immediately desired her to come in; but she, instead of


making her appearance, hastened out of the chamber down the stairs, and ran away. "For the first time," said the old man, with a serious countenance, "is the maiden disobedient." But I was not angry with her, for I loved her too well.





CHAPTER IV.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. THE TRIUMPHAL CAR,
A FRESCO BY DÜRER IN THE TOWNHALL.

LBRECHT DÜRER was now obliged to give the time which he usually devoted to friendship, to the service of the emperor, at whose castle he was in daily attendance. One day the young Hans Dürer came to me with a greeting from his brother, and a request that I would present myself on Thursday* afternoon in the Townhall, if I wished to see the painting and also the emperor, as his majesty intended to be there at that time. I gladly accepted the invitation, as I was curious to see the oil-paintings there, but principally the fresco in the large hall, of the renown

* Whitsuntide (Pfinztag).

of which I had already heard much in Frankfurt, although it was not yet finished. Albrecht Dürer had here painted the triumphal procession of that high-minded ruler, Maximilian. To have so close a view of this man, the flower of knighthood, the star of the century, had no small attraction for me.

When the day appeared, and I saw from my window some counsellors already slowly ascending the steps of the Townhall, I dressed myself with great care, and thought it time to go over. Nothing is more annoying to me than dress, and so it happened that I walked out of the house-door in rather a grave mood. Already many people were standing about in motley groups, who were all curious to see the emperor, when his coach should stop before the Townhall. I threaded my way with difficulty through the crowd of spectators, when a cheerful greeting gave me a joyful surprise. It was the handsome youth Hans Schäufelin, and on his arm the fair Afra Tucherin. The maiden's manner became her well, as she greeted me

like an old acquaintance, when her bridegroom had mentioned my name. "Guess, now, honoured Herr Heller," said he with a bright look, "whither our way is leading us? Yonder, to the priest's house, to arrange our betrothal." "All happiness to you!" cried I with my whole heart; "then your art has succeeded?" "Yes, it has succeeded," was his answer, which I might have already discovered in the maiden's eye. "The emperor has made me as happy as he would wish to make the whole world." "Yes, joy and sorrow," said Afra; "for a short time ago my aunt Catharina died in Regensburg." Of that I had already heard from Peter Vischer, and also that she had kindly remembered the Tucher family. I could not therefore but express my sympathy with the mourner. The continually increasing throng of eager spectators separated us from one another, and I whispered to myself, not without envy, "Good emperor, if you could but make me as happy!"

I stood before the Townhall; but I should

not have been allowed to mount the steps, had I not gained over one of the officers of the court by a generous squeeze of the hand. The brave Dürer was already waiting for me at the door, which was the more agreeable to me, as I was acquainted with but few of the counsellors. He was to-day the principal personage in the assembly, as the emperor intended to confer with him respecting the execution of the triumphal procession. Dürer led me into the chamber of assembly, in the middle of which stood a long table, covered with a green cloth, and a number of immense ink-stands, to each of which bell-pulls hung down from the roof. It looked as if their pencil-shaped tassels were here used for writing. Dürer first introduced me to the burgo-master, Martin Tucher. He was an old and corpulent man, who moved about slowly in his heavy robe of office, but with much dignity of manner.

Herr Paul Volckamer was no stranger to me, for I had become acquainted with him at the Feast of St. Sebaldus; and Herr Sebald

Schreyer, churchwarden of St. Sebaldus, I recognised directly, from his likeness in Krafft's "Last Supper." This Schreyer was a quiet, worthy man.

The magistrates were engaged in an animated conversation, the subject of which was, the manifold marks of favour with which the emperor had received the homage of the authorities. When the burgomaster heard that I was a friend of Dürer's and of the arts, he ordered a servant of the council to bring a large book, which had been bound by a skilful monk in red velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and which displayed on the cover the Hapsburg arms. It was Pfinzing's heroic poem *Teuerdank*, the same book which was presented as a gift to the emperor. The burgomaster had managed to obtain possession of it to shew it to his colleagues, who had already admired it, and must now admire it anew. All the arts had here joined in rivalry to present to the prince a princely gift. It was impossible to take amiss the complacent air with which the burgomaster

shewed the woodcuts that his future son-in-law had executed, and described the joy and the interest expressed by the emperor at the sight of the book. Maximilian had immediately made inquiry about the skilful wood-engraver; and when he learned that the young Schäufelin needed support, ordered from him a large picture, and paid the price beforehand—an encouragement which falls to the lot of few young artists. While I gained in a high degree the goodwill of the old man by eagerly turning over the leaves of this splendid work, Herr Imhoff entered the chamber. As Tucher sought to excite the interest of those present in his son-in-law, not less did Imhoff try to direct it towards his father-in-law. Pirckheimer's Latin poem on Maximilian, which had been composed in the name of the magistracy, he praised and admired aloud, as the emperor had also done. When he beheld me, he drew out of his pocket a copy of the poem, and presented me with it.

The noble guest still kept us waiting; and

Dürer proposed to me to take a view meanwhile of the paintings in the Little Hall. I agreed to it directly, and thought to find an opportunity of confiding to him what had taken place between me and the Rosenthale-rin. But Herr Sebald Schreyer accompanied us. The Little Hall was in the upper story. In several pictures I here saw portraits as large as life of noble men, who, as Herr Schreyer explained to me, had deserved richly of the city by their foundations; such were Hans Rieter, an ancestor of the Pirckheimer family, and Conrad Gross, the founder of the hospital of the Holy Ghost. The paintings of Dürer had more attractions for me. The splendid painting of Adam and Eve had already found a place here—a present by which the master had erected a memorial of himself with the council and with the town. But perhaps the most admirable production that ever issued from Dürer's creative genius was the Four Apostles, on two long narrow panels that were pairs, and which originally were intended for the fold-

ing leaves of a great altar-piece. They appeared to himself, when he now saw them completed before him, of such high perfection, that he doubted being able to surpass their beauty in the centre picture, or even to reach it. He sold them for a small sum to the magistrate, as independent works, that they might remain in his native town. On each panel are seen two of the preachers of Christianity, of the size of life. Dürer represented in them the four temperaments. As a pensive spirit is allied to the art of poetry, he represented Melancholy here in the delicate youthful figure of John, the poet among the evangelists. How thoughtfully by his side does the venerable Peter, with the keys, bend down over the book which John holds! He expresses the phlegmatic temperament. Look at the vigorous old man yonder—how fearful his sidelong glance! The eye of Paul inspires more terror than his sword. Mark, on the contrary, behind him, opens his mouth with a smile, which displays the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

The latter exhibits the sanguine temperament; the former the choleric. I understood now more and more clearly the impression which the four Apostles had made upon Veit Stoss.

We then left the hall, and returned to the council-chamber. Here the number of arrivals had increased. A man, whose liveliness and strange countenance struck me not a little, was just at that moment engaged in a quarrel with the burgomaster, who looked very angry. Although he had a bald head, he appeared to play the young man still; and his mouth with constant laughter was lengthened as much in one direction as his nose in the other. It was Herr Lazarus Spengler, the town-clerk. Although he exposed himself to the crossness of the burgomaster in his attempt to win a smile from him, yet the latter only looked on him more crossly still, as the pliant bow would strive in vain to elicit lively tones from the double-bass. "Here are the dice," cried the town-clerk, while he let them fall from one hand into the other; "why should we waste our

precious time in doing nothing? Come, friend Imhoff, quick to work before the emperor arrives." "But," objected the burgomaster, with a stiff, official air, "consider your position, this place, and the object of our being here." "Can you still never get the mastery over those pious sentiments which your deceased father brought out of the promised land?" said Spengler. "Good! there is Dürer, and here, in this chest, lie all his painting materials. Get up, and draw us a ———!" Here he mentioned before the whole assembly a game the name of which I dare not even write. He soon devised an expedient for a tablet on which to draw the game, with the four and twenty tongues* set opposite to each other, by tearing down a picture from the wall. This picture represented a crucifixion, and was well painted by the old master Jacob Walch, although in a somewhat antique style. He turned the picture on its face, and reached Dürer a piece of

* 'Entgegengekehrten Zungen' in the German. The meaning of this phrase is not explained.

chalk. "Look at this venerable picture," began Herr Tucher, whose vexation rose to its highest pitch; "look at our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross!" "That suits a game at dice beautifully," cried the other. "Don't you know that a die was cast for the garments of Him crucified?" "Throw a cast then, Herr Spengler, for your soul!"

Hardly had the angry burgomaster uttered these words, when the servant of the council announced the arrival of the emperor, which drove asunder the motley groups like a sudden hail-storm. The picture was hung up again, and the whole council left the room, and stationed themselves on each side of the stairs, in order to receive their exalted guest with due solemnity. It was not long before the Emperor Maximilian, with majestic bearing, made his appearance, attended by nobles and his train. He wore a simple cap and plume and a purple mantle, on which shone neither gold nor precious stones, for his form needed no accession of dignity, nor his countenance of brightness. Chivalry and a love

of art often raised him above the depressing cares of government. Profuse liberality was the expression of his benevolence; and in his features might yet be read those words, in which he justified himself to his father against the charge of extravagance: "Why should I heap up riches, since the king must make war on his enemy with arms, and not with gold?" Next to him stood, clad in iron armour (for this he considered his most comfortable dress), the Freyherr Johannes von Schwarzenberg, of a family of high descent, whose unusual size had already struck me. His strength corresponded to his size. Many a noble horse had sunk under him when he swung himself upon its back. In tournaments he was always the victor, and lifted his adversary out of the saddle, as in drinking he knew how to raise the cup, and drain the largest bowl at a single draught. But he was a hero too in virtue and in science. He was learned in jurisprudence, and was acquainted with the Latin classics. The latter he translated, and the former he enriched with pro-

jects of laws. Two other authors also stood by the emperor: these were the provost and and poet, Pfinzing, and the counsellor and poet, Pirckheimer. The first was a withered little man, of a shy demeanour, with a small black cap on the crown of his head. Study did not agree with him so well as with the counsellor, whose head sank into his double chin as into a cushion. It was refreshing to see how affably the emperor bore himself towards all. This did not appear to be agreeable to the nobles who stood behind him, and they held themselves so much the higher, just as if it were incumbent on them to restore the proper relation which Max's condescending behaviour had violated.

The emperor wished to betake himself to the great hall; and forthwith Dürer, towards whom he shewed himself especially gracious, took drawing materials and sheets of paper for sketching, which he had brought with him, and had the honour of conducting his majesty. Above the little door through which we went, I read these words:

“Eines Mannes Red’ ist halbe Rede ;
Vernehm drum der Partheien jede.”*

For the great hall was the proper hall of justice. It was vaster than any I had ever seen, and the people who below had stood so closely packed together, were now here lost in its great size, in a way one could hardly have believed. The hall was eighty feet high and thirty feet wide, and had a high round vaulted roof. The hall, like many other parts of the building, had been planned by the celebrated Hans Behaim, who was still living, and who was also the designer of the Herrenkeller. The Townhall, which in the present day is considered by each and all as a beautiful building, he called patch-work, because it was not all built according to one plan. Three lofty Gothic windows admitted full light into the great hall, and these were ornamented with the most beautiful painted glass, armorial bearings, and other representations, by the skilful master, Hirschvogel.

* “On one side doth but half the truth appear ;
Would you the whole obtain, then both sides hear.”

How the colours sent forth rays, and spread a brightness as of noonday! But the most striking objects in the hall were the frescoes of Dürer. Although one of them was not quite finished, yet the scaffolding had been taken away, in order that one might enjoy the sight of them. Herr Pirckheimer had furnished the painter with the conception, and the work did honour to them both.

On the wall to the north was represented the celebrated triumphal car of the Emperor Maximilian. He sat in his imperial robe, with sceptre and palm-branch, in a carriage, all of gold, to which twelve spirited horses were harnessed in pairs. On the four wheels were inscribed in golden characters the Latin words: MAGNIFICENTIA, HONOR, DIGNITAS, GLORIA. By the side of each pair of horses walked two young women, on whose wreaths were inscribed the following qualities: as, EXPERIENTIA, SOLERTIA, MAGNANIMITAS, and AUDACIA. On the canopy these words glittered, *Quod in cælis sol, hoc in terra Cæsar est.* Behind the emperor is

kneeling, in fluttering garments, VICTORIA, who is placing a laurel-crown on the head of the conqueror. On her wings are inscribed: VENETIS, GERMANIS, BOHEMIS, ELVETIIS, UNGARIS, GALLIS. Maidens, all Virtues, stepped beside the car, and maidens also danced round the emperor with garlands, themselves wreathed into a garland. They represented *Gentleness, Clemency, Generosity, Equity, Constancy, Justice, &c.* In front of the emperor, as charioteer, sits *Reason*, guiding with the reins the horses *Nobilitas* and *Potentia*.

How naturally is the chorus of musicians painted in the corner, where are seen old men and young ones, with cheeks puffed out, blowing trumpets and clarionets! How the lad yonder, who is blowing the pipe, sits on the balcony dangling his legs! Behind is the kettle-drummer, listening attentively for his turn.

No less beautiful is the representation on the other wall, where is depicted, for a warning, a judgment-scene, such as, alas, there

are so many in the world. There, in his chair, sits the judge, whose high wisdom lies in the Midas-ears, into which *Suspicion* and *Ignorance* are whispering only too officiously. In vain one reads the words written before him : NEMO UNQUAM SENTENTIAM FERAT, PRIUSQUAM CUNCTA AD AMUSSIM PERPENDERIT.* The innocent *Accused* kneels before the throne, and raises his hands beseechingly, while *Slander* is dragging him by the hair before the judge. See behind the devilish faces of *Deceit*, *Envy*, and *Malice*, who persecute the unhappy one. Behind them hasten on the wing to his destruction, *Precipitation*, *Mistake*, and *Punishment*. It is too late that *Repentance*, in mourning garments, addresses herself to *Truth* ; for over the picture garlands of flowers do not conceal the hatchet and sword, which threaten fearfully from above. I could not gaze enough on all these wonderful productions ; and the Em-

* “ Let no man pronounce judgment, before he has weighed every thing in the exact balance of justice.”

peror Maximilian too examined every thing with a searching look. He said many things to Dürer in praise of the execution of the designs, which had been previously laid before him. By the triumphal car was a group, which, as he expressed himself to the master, was not to his taste. The latter immediately spread out a sheet of paper, and, with incredible quickness, drew two figures, asking him meanwhile whether his majesty wished them altered thus. The emperor replied in the negative, and then seized the black chalk himself; but when he attempted to draw with it, it broke, and he could not succeed. Then Max was surprised, and asked how it happened that he had been able to draw with the same piece of chalk. "That is my kingdom," answered Dürer, smiling; "*aliud est sceptrum, aliud est plectrum.*" "It is one thing to sway, and another to play." But Dürer had sufficiently guessed his wishes, and now represented two figures in outline, which quite satisfied him. "I should like to know," remarked the emperor, "how these

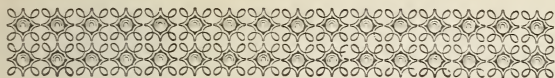
groups would look in the large painting.” Hardly had the painter heard this, than he ordered a ladder to be brought, that he might sketch them on the wall with the chalk the size of life. Dürer placed the ladder right for drawing. Then Max made a sign to a nobleman standing near, that he should hold the ladder; but he chose to think, that if he performed such a service for a citizen, something would stick to his hands, and therefore turned away, as if he had not understood the emperor’s meaning. But the latter noticed this, was angry, and said, (as I myself heard,) “I can make a *nobleman* out of every *peasant*; but not such a *painter* out of any *nobleman*.”

This was the reason why the emperor, in order that master Dürer should not again experience such a humiliation, sent him from Vienna a patent of nobility, and appointed him imperial court-painter. Dürer, with allusion partly to his name (which is often written Thürer), and partly to his art, had chosen the following emblem for his seal: An

easel, on which stands an escutcheon, with an open wicket in a gate.* Dürer now received a coat-of-arms, bearing three silver shields on a blue field.

* Thor-thüre. 'Thüre' in German means a door.





CHAPTER V.

THE CEMETERY OF ST. JOHN, WITH THE SCULPTURES
OF ADAM KRAFFT.



HE Nürnberg chronicler, Johann
Müller, relates as follows :

1475.

“Towards the end of this year, on St. Andrew’s day, the plague began, and with it a fearful loss of life. He who yesterday had friends, on the morrow had them no more ; and he who in the morning was up and stirring, in the evening lay stretched on the bier. Then did many houses stand open and exposed, for there was no one to close them ; then were the streets desolate, save when the stillness was broken by a funeral procession. The bells were not tolled, since else they would never have ceased ; but the tinkling of the mass-bell was constantly heard,

as the priest passed to and fro with the Host, to administer the Sacrament to the dying ; and each man said to himself, ‘ To-day it is my neighbour’s fate, to-morrow it is mine.’ What once brought a blessing, brought thee now a curse. If thou waitedst on the sick, then was it thy fate to be buried with him ; if thou gavest an alms to the starving beggar, then he gave thee back plague-boils ; if thou wentest into the church to seek consolation, then there arose to meet thee from the vaults the infectious breath of corpses.

1476.

“ The dying went on, and still increased in the autumn. Then the council ordered that all the sick, without respect of persons, should be brought out of the city into the hospital, and that no man who had died of the plague should be allowed a burial within the city. Without the city there was a wide space near the church of St. John, railed off and consecrated, where all were to be interred. But the people were not satisfied therewith, and desired a place of rest in the

church by the side of their kindred. This dying continued even until April of the following year."

Thus far the chronicler. Nürnberg is the first German city which had its grave-yard outside the walls. This is the Cemetery of St. John, not far from the Thiergärtner-gate, no less renowned for the memory of illustrious men who here repose, than for the works of art which are here displayed, and win a triumph from death. The chronicler remarks, that the people resisted the judicious order of the council; just as now, from attachment to habitude, the crowd oppose every thing new, unless it has some pleasure or vanity for its object. It was now proposed to all the principal persons who had the welfare of the city at heart, to give a character of sanctity to the new cemetery, that they might prepare the way for the attainment of their object by the sentiment of devotion. Martin Ketzell and Adam Krafft contend for the honour of having successfully overcome a deeply-rooted prejudice.

George Ketzell, a citizen of Nürnberg, was a godly man, who for a long time had been the superintendent of the hospital of the Holy Ghost. For the edification of himself and friends of a similar turn, he had set up in a chapel in this place, a representation of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, after drawings and reports of devout pilgrims who had come thence. He caused the walls of the chapel to be stained brown, and adorned them with moss and muscle-shells, that it might have the appearance of a rock. His children assisted him in this, especially his first-born, Martin. Hence Martin, even when a boy, delighted himself with the thought of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, in order to give an exact image of it. And it was no mere boyish dream. When, in the year 1477, Duke Albrecht of Saxony, penetrated with devout feeling, went to the Holy Land, Martin attached himself to his train, and with joy saluted the earth whereon the Saviour had bled, and in which he was buried. Nor did he rest in giving himself up to a spirit of

self-mortification, but early and late he was occupied in accurately measuring all the holy places, and making drawings of them. More than once did he measure with paces the length of the way from Pilate's house to the Place of Skulls, and the distances of the seven incidents from one another. He thought he had returned home with a treasure; but how great was his horror when, having arrived at his native city, he looked over his papers, and found that the measurement of the road along which the Saviour was conducted from his place of trial to the Cross was missing! Grieved at his loss, he felt that his journey to Jerusalem had half failed of its purpose. But a true zeal will never cool, though it were necessary to split rocks or drain the ocean. At the end of nine years, Martin Ketzels set out on his journey again, in the train of the Duke Otto of Bavaria. All the difficulties of the way he overcame cheerfully; and kneeling a second time at the tomb of the Redeemer, he forgot all that had troubled and grieved him. He now measured still

more accurately the places sacred to devotion, and their distance from each other, and then took up his pilgrim's staff to return home. Day and night he watched over his plans and measurements as over holy relics, and rejoiced to see them within the walls of Nürnberg. On the road from his house at the Thiergärtner-gate to St. John's grave-yard, he now caused the distances of the seven incidents of the Passion to be marked by pillars. His friend Adam Krafft was to decorate these pillars with sculptures in relief, and to erect a Calvary, with figures as large as life. It was a work of great labour and cost. Since that time the grave-yard has been regarded as a holy resting-place for the dead ; and he who now sets foot on it, recalls the memory of the founder and of the artist with grateful emotion.

These particulars respecting St. John's grave-yard I had obtained from the books and the narrative of my host. He was a fat talkative man, who knew every thing that had taken place in former times in Nürn-

berg, as well as what was now going on. Many a half hour have I chatted with him, as he sat in the guest-chamber, comfortably resting in an elbow-chair. Scarcely had he finished to-day his account of the Cemetery of St. John, when I ran up stairs into my chamber.

Here I waited for my dear friend Imhoff, who wished to visit the fresh grave of Krafft with me. Where could we better do honour to the memory of the master than here, at his grave, where no funeral oration dispensed doubtful praise, but where his own works proclaimed how diligent and pious he had been? Leaning on the arm of a friend, to awaken the remembrance of the departed is consolatory and soothing; like the breath of an after-summer, which warms into new life the faded green of nature.

My punctual friend came to the hour; and amid unreserved discourse, giving free vent to the impulse of feeling, we went past Albrecht Dürer's house to the Thiergärtner-gate. Here Imhoff pointed out to me Ketzels

dwelling. The house had formerly belonged to a patrician of Nürnberg, Hans Rieter, an ancestor of Pirckheimer, and the figure of a knight* in stone kept his name in remembrance. According to Ketzels measurement, it marked the place where Pilate washed his hands with water, but bathed his heart in blood. From this point are seen, in succession at seven different places, the seven incidents of the Passion, represented on square tablets of stone. Let him whose heart has never yet been touched by the history of Christ's sufferings, look at these, and he will expiate his insensibility with tears. Which must we most admire, the grief of the disciples and women, or the rage of the executioners, or the patience of him who bears the cross? Behold him here, bleeding with the crown of thorns, bending under his load, while he cries to the women: "Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!" How do

* 'Ritter' is the German for knight.

the mourners fold their hands and bewail, veiled like nuns, with a fold of linen under the chin ! How do the soldiers, in the garb of buffoons, inhumanly mock the God-man, and strive to drag him along by his hair !

Under each stone-tablet are inscriptions, which run thus :

1. Here Christ meets his honoured mother, who almost faints with agony of heart: 200 paces from Pilate's house.

2. Here Simon helps Christ to bear his cross: 295 paces.

3. Here Christ consoles the women: 380 paces.

4. Here Christ has left the impress of his face on the veil of St. Veronica: 500 paces.

5. Here Christ is scourged by the Jews: 780 paces.

6. Here Christ falls exhausted to the ground: 1100 paces.

After the sixth pillar, which is let into the wall, the beautiful Calvary rears itself with the three crucified. On this work Master

Krafft has bestowed the utmost labour, so that one can clearly trace every sinew and vein. Calmly is the Saviour passing away, since his prayer is heard, that his enemies may be forgiven. Of the malefactors, in one you see repentance, in the other hardness of heart; here are tears, there is gnashing of teeth. There was no need here, as in some ancient paintings, to represent, on the one hand an angel approaching the converted, and on the other a devil dragging his soul out of the mouth of the wicked. Near the cross is seen a sorrowing group,—John, with the women, who are supporting the mother of sorrows in their arms. Behind the Calvary stands the last tablet in the wall:

7. Here Christ lies dead, before his blessed mother.

It was with difficulty that I withdrew my eyes from the dear images. But the sepulchral chapel of the Holzschuer family and a crucifix, which, rising above the churchyard wall, seemed to beckon us, promised us still a new enjoyment in the field where death

gathers his sheaves. We entered in at the churchyard gate, and there saw tombstone upon tombstone of grey and red granite, wrought with armorial bearings and inscriptions. Between the tombs flowers and shrubs grew in uncultured luxuriance. One grave only was still uncovered by any stone,—that of the ingenious master, Adam Krafft. I plucked the flowers which grew around, and strewed them with a quiet sadness over the newly-made grave.

When Imhoff had related to me many beautiful incidents in the life of the pious master, he went away to call the sacristan, that he might open the chapel of the Holzschuers for us.

Leisurely did I wander among the graves, busied partly with the inscriptions, partly with my own thoughts. Over one grave in the distance I saw a maiden lingering, while busily weaving a garland of flowers, with which to adorn a black grave-cross. Unperceived I drew near to the mourner, and recognised in her, although I could see nothing

but her beautiful form and fair hair, the beloved of my heart. I gently glided up to her, and, overcome by my feelings, I laid my hand on her white arm. Forgetting the sacredness of the place and the modesty of Maria, I might now have alarmed her by a kiss, had not the tears in her beautiful eyes quickly disarmed my boldness. “Now, lovely one, thou mayst not escape me! By the dear remains over which thou art here lamenting, I adjure thee, declare whether thou wilt make me, by the possession of thyself, the happiest of men; yes—give me the hope even now, that I may one day render thee the happiest of women.” The maiden, thus taken by surprise, became pale and red by turns. She implored me to leave her alone, as she was paying her devotions at the grave of her mother, and pointed, as she said this, to the cross, on which was inscribed the name, “Emilia Rosenthalerin.” But the eagerness of my feelings scorned restraint; and I did not move, but only repeated my entreaties the more vehemently.

As I had always been thwarted in my wishes, so was it now. The churchyard suddenly filled with people; and fearing lest my object should be misapprehended, and the modesty of the maiden compromised, I respectfully retreated. Maria seized the moment to make her escape. Borne by several men, a tombstone was brought into the churchyard; and near it stood a man in a blue doublet, whom I did not, till after looking at him a long time, recognise as the elder Vischer. He seemed irritable from intense occupation of thought, and was disputing with the bearers, who could not please him, so that I did not venture to address him.

In the meantime Hans Imhoff, who had long been in search of me, overtook me. He related to me how old Vischer had, in a touching manner, prolonged his love for the deceased Krafft beyond the limits of life. Old as he was, he could not refrain from assisting to bear the coffin of his old companion in art to the grave, whatever might be the number of younger artists

ready for the office; and he had now come, by the aid of subscriptions, which he had laboriously collected, to place a stone over the grave of his friend. I was affected by the narration, and tenderly squeezed the hand of Imhoff, with the words, "Friendship is in truth a precious thing!" Imhoff now went with me into the Holzschuer chapel, where was the last work of Adam Krafft, which death had hindered him from completing. The subject was the Entombment of Christ, some figures of which the deceased master had himself shewn me in his work-room. Their beauty had been wonderfully heightened by colouring and gilding. The group of figures was placed in a deep arched recess in the chapel, which measured full ten feet in height and length. Fifteen figures of inimitable beauty represented a scene of the deepest mourning and holiest anguish. Even as thou, Lord Jesus Christ, wast laid in thy rocky tomb, covered with wounds and the marks of stripes, and didst rise in glory; so has Krafft too shaken off

the ashes of mortality, and shines forth in the brightness of a glorified spirit.

We left this place of rest; and on our way back we refreshed ourselves with another look at the masterpieces already described. When I found myself again alone in my chamber, a conflict of the most opposite feelings deprived me of all repose and enjoyment. Then was brought to me a letter written in an unknown hand. It ran thus :

“ HONOURED HERR HELLER,

“ If I have in any way pleased you, it has been because you did not know me, because you were not aware that I am of humble birth and quite poor. I write this, while Father Veit is telling over on his notched stick, with tears in his eyes, how many years, months, and weeks I have lived with him. Never will my gratitude allow me to separate myself from him. I beseech you, do not change your feelings towards my poor blind father.

“ MARIA ROSENTHALERIN.”

Here was a formal refusal, which seemed to destroy all my hopes at once. And yet I know not how it was, that, as I read the letter over again and again, I felt myself wonderfully tranquillised.





CHAPTER VI.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL OF THE MASTER-SINGERS.

HANS SACHS IN THE TAVERN.



I WALKED up and down my room while waiting for my breakfast; and looking out of the window saw a rope, which extended from St. Sebaldus to the Townhall, and from the middle of which hung a painted shield. All the pains which I took to make out the figures upon it were in vain; and I was just about to go down to the host to gain some information about it, when, at the same moment, Peter Vischer the younger, who was one of the members elect of the council, and was as amiable as he was accomplished, entered my room. He greeted me, and reminding me of what had been agreed on between us, he informed me that to-day a festival of

the Singing-school would be held in honour of the emperor. I looked at him with surprise ; but then I remembered that Peter Vischer was devoted to the delightful art of the Master-singers, and I was able to explain his words, and at the same time to understand what was meant by the suspension of the tablet. Peter related to me that, by this shield, all who took part in pious festivals were invited to the Singing-school.

In the meantime breakfast was brought in, and Vischer was pleased to share it with me. He told me much about the origin and nature of the art of the Master-singers, to which I willingly lent an attentive ear. The unseasonable question which escaped me, whether handicraftsmen in other places also pursued the same recreation? did not make him angry ; he rather felt himself incited to instruct me concerning the high meaning of their endeavours. “ Good music and the lovely art of singing,” he began, somewhat solemnly, “ do not merely contribute to the delight and amusement of men, but

are the noblest means of exciting in them a recollection of divine favours and the devotion of the heart; even as the holy apostle Paul earnestly exhorts men to practise pious songs."

I purposely interrupted him in his discourse, and he then continued: "The High-school of the Master-singers is Mainz, and the Branch-schools are Nürnberg and Strasburg. But for a long time this charming art has been more cultivated in Nürnberg than elsewhere. As fifty years ago the illuminator Hans Rosenplüt, and the barber Hans Folz, were in high repute, so now the linen-weaver, Leonhard Nunnenbeck, and, before all, his pupil Hans Sachs, the cobbler." "What is the meaning of those figures on the tablet?" I asked. "On the tablet," he answered, "you see above, an escutcheon with a crown—those are the arms of the Master-singers; and below are twelve men who are cultivating a garden, but whose labour is destroyed by a wild beast. The twelve men are the twelve celebrated singers who or-

ganised the first school; and the wild beast is Envy without and Discord within, that spoils their success. Penetrated with a sense of their holy calling, the twelve men sang songs which were pleasing to God and profitable to men. The emperor Otto the Great, of illustrious memory, ratified their union, and gave them an armorial bearing with a crown. But the monks, who at one time had every thing their own way in the Church, were envious that they should thus publicly set forth the grace of God. They calumniated them to the Pope as heretics; and he summoned them in a body to Pavia, to give an account of their proceedings. They here frankly declared that God inspired their songs, and that they were therefore not only innocent but also holy. Whereat his Holiness was astonished, and in order to bring them to shame as liars, he gave them all a theme out of the Bible, on which they were to make a poem, and caused each to be separately locked up in a chamber. But the one who was put to shame was the Pope,

when he compared all their poems with one another, and found that they agreed word for word. He dismissed them with rich presents, and called them all genuine Christians, although one did not deserve this name."

"Are the names of these wonderful men known?"

"Certainly they are known. Some were learned men, some knights, and some citizens. One was a smith, one a rope-maker, one a glass-burner. There is not much to be told about them; but only so much the more about the knight, Wolfram Rohn (von Eschenbach), of Heinrich Frauenlob, Doctor of the Holy Scripture at Mainz, of Nicolaus Klingsor, Master of the Liberal Arts. Klingsor was a mighty astrologer and necromancer in Hungary, who lived at the time when there were at the court of the Landgrave Herrmann on the Wartburg, six masters of the art of singing, equally noble by birth and by soul. Five of them, of noble extraction, were knights, such as the territorial-lord

Walther von der Vogelweide, and Wolfram Rohn ; but one was a citizen of Eisenach, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. They celebrated in songs the glory of the Landgrave and the chastity of the Landgravine Sophia. Once upon a time they resolved upon a contest of song. They called it the "War of the Wartburg;" and as in war it is a question of life and death, they agreed among themselves, that he who came off worst should be hung. They contended in song, and Heinrich von Ofterdingen was vanquished. When the others would have taken his life, he sought shelter under the cloak of the lady Sophia, and she screened him, and contrived that the vanquished one should obtain the assistance of a master in song, so as in the space of a year to offer himself again to the contest. He now travelled about, and went also into Hungary, where he saw the renowned Klingsor observing the stars. He laid the matter before him, and the necromancer promised to come at the end of a year, if he should by that time have observed all the

stars, for before then he would not stir from his place. Heinrich had on this account much sorrow and care. He waited one moon after another. The year was nearly gone, and he learned that Klingsor was still counting the stars at home. But on the very day on which the contest of song was to take place in the Knights-house, Klingsor caused himself to be carried by his spirits to Thüringen, and proceeded towards the Wartburg in the guise of a bishop. The contest had commenced. First Wolfram began, and then Klingsor sang with great skill of the nature of the heavenly spheres, of the course of the stars, and of the movement of the planets. Wolfram knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Then he in his turn praised the glory of God, and proclaimed how the Word had become flesh, and how our Lord Jesus Christ had given his blood for Christendom, as a pledge and earnest of eternal blessedness. Klingsor knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Klingsor now summoned his servant, the devil

Nasian, who appeared with four books in a bright glare of fire. Wolfram, when he saw his opponent lose courage, proceeded triumphantly, 'God is the highest being, and God is the Lord of all worlds.' 'Dost thou know all worlds?' asked Nasian; and Wolfram looked at him embarrassed. 'Schnipp, schnapp!' then cried Nasian; 'thou art a layman. How dost thou know that God is the Lord of all worlds, if thou dost not know how many worlds there are?' And he wrote on the wall with his finger, as with a glowing coal, 'Wolfram is vanquished!' The landgrave then decided that neither had surpassed the other, and allowed Klingsor to leave the court laden with precious gifts. Thus were saved Wolfram's honour and Osterdingen's life. That is the history of the Wartburg contest.—Another famous master-singer is Dr. Frauenlob from Meissen. He extolled in immortal songs the beauty and virtue of women; and out of gratitude the women of Mainz bore him to the grave, since it was fit their virtue should display itself to

him, not only during his life, but in his death. In the cathedral is his tombstone, which the women moistened with tears and with wine."

"Then the art of singing, with which you are now occupied, you derive from these twelve masters?"

"Yes, certainly. They instructed youths; and the scholars became masters in their turn; and so on down to our time. Whoever wishes to learn the art goes to a master who has once at least gained the prize in the Singing-school, and he instructs him without any fee. He teaches what it means to sing for the honour of Religion, and initiates him into the mysteries of the *Tabulature*, for so we call the laws of the art of poetry. When the scholar has mastered these, he petitions the society to be admitted a member, inasmuch as he is of commendable manners, and shews good-will. On being received, he must ascend the singer's chair in the church, and give a proof of his skill. If he succeeds, his wish is granted. He takes a most solemn vow to be ever true to the art; to maintain

the honour of the society ; always to bear himself peaceably ; and not to profane any master-song by singing it aloud in the street. He then pays the registering money, and gives two measures of wine as a treat. In the ordinary meetings of the Master-singers, and when they are assembled together in the tavern, secular songs are indeed allowed, but never at the school-festivals. The festivals of the schools take place three times a year, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at Christmas, in St. Catherine's Church. Here only such poems are recited, the subjects of which are taken from the Bible or the sacred legends. He who sings with the fewest faults is here decorated with a golden chain ; and he who comes next best after him, with a wreath. He, on the contrary, who is convicted of gross faults, must atone for them by a fine. Thus the life of the Master-singers glides away amidst edifying songs ; and if one is called away from the happy band, his companions assemble round his grave, and sing a farewell song to him."

As the clock of the Townhall now struck, Vischer broke off. I supposed he would have taken me with him to St. Catherine's Church; but he promised to return in the course of an hour, as he must first put on another dress. He kept his word, and soon appeared completely clad in black silk, with a graceful cap. There was no fear of going wrong, as one had only to follow the train of people who were streaming towards the festival of the school. At the entrance of the little church, the sacristan held out his cap for drink-money. This was to prevent all the rabble from pressing in, and depriving respectable people of their edification. The church was beautifully decorated within, and from the choir, which the emperor was to occupy, hung down a rich purple canopy. Most impressive was the appearance of the company of Master-singers, seated all around upon the benches, some of them long-bearded old men (all of whom, however, still appeared vigorous); some beardless youths, who were all, nevertheless, as quiet and serious as if

they belonged to the Seven Wise Men of Greece. All appeared in silk garments, green, blue, or black, with neatly plaited lace collars. Among the splendidly dressed masters was Hans Sachs, and his teacher Nunnenbeck. A greater stillness could not have reigned during High Mass. Vischer and I were the only talkers, as he had to explain every thing to me. By the side of the pulpit was the singer's chair. This chair, which the masters had had built at their own expense, and which to-day was ornamented with a gay carpet, was like a pulpit, only smaller. In the forepart of the choir a low platform had been erected, upon which stood a table and a desk. This was called the *Germerke*;* for here was the place for those who had to mark the faults which the singers committed—in form, against the laws of the *Tabulature*—and in subject, by deviating from the Bible narrative and the legends of the saints. These people were called *Merker*, and

* From the German, 'merken,' to mark.

there were three of them. Although the *Gemerke* was enclosed with black curtains, yet from my seat I could observe every thing that went on there, and I saw hanging on one side of the platform the golden chain, to which several medals were attached, which was called the *Davidsgewinner*,* and the wreath, which was made of silken flowers.

The noise of wheels was now heard before the entrance, and the emperor Maximilian appeared with his whole train, and bore himself very graciously as he looked benignantly down from the choir. But he did not tarry long; for the divine art of singing did not seem to give him particular pleasure. When the emperor made his appearance, every thing was at once in active motion. A venerable master ascended the singer's chair, and from the *Gemerke* resounded the word, "Begin." It was Conrad Nachtigall, a locksmith, whose song was so yearning and plaintive, that he well deserved his name. Of the Heavenly

* That is, the 'David's winner.'

Jerusalem, and of the founding of the New, he said much that was beautiful. I observed in the *Gemerke* how one of the masters followed him in the Bible, how another counted the syllables on his fingers, and the third wrote down what these two whispered to him from time to time. But the masters below were also attentive and quietly active. They were all engaged in a strange game with their fingers, in order to note accurately the measure of the verse. I perceived, by the shaking of their head, that here and there the reciter had gone wrong. After Master Nachtigall, the turn came to a youth named Fritz Kothner, a bell-founder, who had chosen the story of the creation as the subject of his poem. But here it could not be said, "And God saw that it was good." For the poor youth was embarrassed, and could not proceed, and a marker told him to leave the chair. "The master has sung wrong," whispered Vischer to me; and when I asked him why he was not allowed to continue his piece to the end, he explained to me that

he had committed a grave fault.* By this name they who possessed the science of the *Tabulature* designated an offence against the laws of rhyme. There were many such strange names for faults ; as *blind-meaning*, *clip-syllable*, *dock*, *mite*, *false flowers*.† The terms for the various measures were indeed extraordinary ; as *the black-ink measure*, *the departed glutton's measure*, *the Cupid's hand-bow measure*.‡

It was in the hedge-blossom measure that Leonhard Nunnenbeck, a venerable old man in a black garment, made his voice heard from the choir. His head was as smooth as the inside of my hand, and only his chin was ornamented with a snow-white beard. All heard him with wonder, as, in the style of the Apocalypse, he described the Lord, at whose throne the lion, the ox, the eagle, and the

* 'Laster,' vice ; technically used by the Master-singers.

† *Blinde Meinung*, *Klebsylbe*, *Stütze*, *Milbe*, *falsche Blumen*.

‡ *Schwarz Tinten-weise*, *die abgeschiedene Vielfrass-weise*, *die Cupidinis Handbogen-weise*, *Hageblüth-weise*.

angel gave praise, and honour, and thanksgiving to Him who sits thereon, and lives from everlasting to everlasting ; how the four-and-twenty elders cast down their crowns before the throne, and gave praise, and honour, and thanksgiving to Him by whose will all things have their being and were created ; and how they have made their garments bright in the blood of the Lamb ; and how the angels, who stood around the throne, around the elders, and around the four animals, fell on their faces and worshipped God.

When Nunnenbeck had ended, all were completely enraptured ; and in particular the face of Hans Sachs, who was his grateful pupil, beamed with joy. He was proud of his teacher, as his teacher was of him. I too was pleased with the poem, which, however, was more sublime than beautiful. Now came forward, as the fourth and last singer, another youth. What he said was completely to my taste. He belonged, moreover, to the company of weavers, and was called Michael Behaim, and had seen many countries. His

father had given himself the name of Behaim (Böhme), because he had come out of Bohemia into Franconia. With indefatigable efforts our Behaim cultivated the art of singing, and rightly compared himself to a miner, who laboriously digs, and seeks to obtain precious gold. He had never before come forward at a school-festival, as he resolved not to mount the singer's chair except with glory. Michael Behaim would doubtless have obtained the first prize, had not Nunnenbeck sung before. His poem, most ingeniously constructed with elaborate rhymes, was as follows :—

CROWNED MEASURE.

OF TWO MAIDENS.

An emperor once, well known to fame,
(His People's Father was his name,)
To forest wide and wild laid claim,
Where roam'd wild beasts of every name,
And never weary, never lame,
 An Unicorn was running.

When now the emperor saw the same,
He ask'd the masters, each by name,
How best the creature they might tame,

That, putting all their arts to shame,
Some sure device did ever frame,
To cheat the hunter's cunning.

The masters answer'd, each by name,
"No foe to peace, the beast proclaim ;
By woman's charms you best may aim
To make the lively creature tame,
And gentler then the timid lamb."
Of maids that round the emperor came,
The fairest two he chose by name ;
Wanton the one, and void of shame ;
The other coy, of virtuous fame.
The force of their attractive flame
There was no power of shunning.

Along the wood the maidens sped,
The impetuous beast around them play'd.
Freely her form the one display'd,
The other was in robe array'd ;
One bore aloft a glittering blade,
A cup the other holding.

Eager for fame, their steps they stay'd,
And each their several wiles essay'd,
To tame the beast, of none afraid.
The sweet notes of the modest maid,
Loud ringing through the forest-shade,
The Unicorn a captive made,
His soul in rapture folding.

The Unicorn no longer fled,
By soft attractive beauty led,
And listening to the song he stay'd,
And fearless drew towards the maid ;

And gently on her lap he laid
His grateful head, no more afraid,
In slumber soft his limbs outspread.
Ill was his friendliness repaid :
Waving on high her dreadful blade,
The naked maiden smote him dead,
The deed with fear beholding.

His death the modest maid full sore
Bemoan'd; the ruddy drops of gore
Within her cup she caught; and more—
She must her own hard fate deplore.
The emperor would her peace restore,
In that same cup of ruddy gore
His royal mantle steeping.

Christians, attend! The God of power
Is imaged in the emperor ;
The Unicorn is Christ, who bore
Our load of sin in evil's hour ;
Mary the gentle maid, whose shower
Of love fell on him ; Eve impure
The cause of all her weeping.

One maiden put us in death's power ;
The other did our race restore,
When that pure Lamb an offering bore,
And gave of heavenly food a store.

Christians, who walk with Christ no more,
'Tis Eva's sword you bear ;—give o'er ;
Leave gold and fame, a worthless store ;
And Him, your only wealth, adore,
Who death hath vanquish'd evermore,
A heavenly harvest reaping.

When Michael Behaim had recited his poem, the markers left their seats. The first marker went up to Nunnenbeck, and with a flattering congratulation, hung the David's-prize round his neck, and the second marker decorated Behaim's head with the wreath, which became him well. These gifts, however, were not presents, but only marks of distinction for the celebration of the day. The festival in the church was now over, and all pressed forwards with hearty sympathy to those who had received these marks of honour, in order to give them a joyful shake of the hand. I also could not deny myself the pleasure of offering my thanks aloud to the brave Behaim. Close by stood Hans Sachs, who accosted me in a friendly manner, and renewed the bond of friendship into which we had shortly before entered. I lamented that it had not been my luck to hear him; and that I must leave Nürnberg without having heard any other songs from his mouth than those which he had favoured me with on the highway, when I was not exactly in a

humour to hear them. "Dearest Herr Heller, come with us to the tavern, and you shall hear to your heart's content," he replied; and went with me arm-in-arm out of the church, which had gradually become vacant. It was the custom for the Master-singers, particularly the younger ones, to betake themselves, after the school-festival, to a neighbouring tavern, where a joyous freedom prevailed, in the same degree that a religious seriousness had reigned in the church. The wine here drunk was at the cost, on the one hand, of the master Kothner, who paid for it as a penalty, on the other, of the master Behaim, who gave it in honour of having received the prize for the first time. Five measures of wine were given this day for the latter part of the entertainment. The Master-singers, about sixteen in number, crossed the street in pairs, one behind the other, from the church to the tavern: the crowned Behaim led the procession. It was his duty here to maintain order, and they were all obliged to submit to him as to a marker. When the masters joined in a

song of the whole company, he had the arrangement of it. The gaily-attired guests contrasted strangely enough with the tavern, which equally within and without looked black with smoke and ruinous. There was nothing in the long room but tables and benches, and these were of the description which one generally finds in country-gardens. But gay spirits and a good glass of wine caused all deficiencies to be overlooked. As far as the space permitted, the tables were placed in a row close by one another, and the singers seated themselves on both sides. At the top was Behaim: his throne was an arm-chair, and a wooden hammer his sceptre for commanding silence. I sat by Hans Sachs: from the pressure of my neighbours I was pushed hard against him, so as to remark that his sleeves were stiffened with rods of fish-bones, and this induced me to examine particularly his strange dress. The jacket was of sea-green stuff, with many slits in the breast, through which the dazzling whiteness of his shirt appeared, the plaited collar of

which surrounded his neck in the form of a circle. The sleeves were of black satin, in which pointed incisions were tastefully made in regular lines, so that every where the white under-garment was seen through.

A small cask of wine was placed in the middle of the table, and one of the masters had the labour of drawing it, while the empty cups were reached to him incessantly. After much talking and laughing on various subjects, I reminded Nürnberg's most famous singer of the promise he had made me. He assented. Behaim knocked with his hammer, and then asked the assembled guests whether they would not attempt a contest in verse. No one made any objection. He asked again who was willing to sing, and three masters raised their hands—Behaim himself, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer. Hans Sachs was to propose a question for dispute ; and, indeed, for my sake, as I had told him how constantly I had visited the workshops of the artists, and delighted myself with their productions—he chose a subject alluding to this matter :

HANS SACHS.

My knowing friends, I pray you, say—
Whose art does highest skill display ?

PETER VISCHER.

The Carpenter's. For, tell me fair,
Whose work can e'er with his compare ?
By line and level he can trace
The highest cornice, lowest base.
Rich pleasure-halls his art supplies ;
High as his roofs his fame doth rise ;
Rich in invention is his spirit,
And mill-wright work attests his merit.
His forts and walls are thy defence ;
And Holy Writ doth crowns dispense
To him who built the solid ark,
Wherein was Noah the patriarch.
Though raged and roar'd around the flood,
He dwelt secure in that abode ;
His children safe he joyed to find,
With living beasts of every kind.
'Twas he who built, with wise design,
Jerusalem, that place divine.
For wise King Solomon he framed
His splendid palace, widely-famed.
Think of that labyrinthine house !
Who can compare with Dædalus ?

MICHAEL BEHAIM.

But wood corrupts, while stone endures ;
The Mason the first place secures.
Town-walls he builds, and lofty towers,
And sheltering forts, when danger lowers.

High vaults he plants, which boldly spread
Their branchy ribs wide over head ;
Vast, dizzy galleries, light but fast,
With shafts and sculptures richly graced.—
In the leaning tower of Pisa view,
What Wilhelm of Nürnberg's art can do.
The temple divine of Jerusalem
Is a model our emulous efforts to frame.
In the heaven-aspiring tower of Babel,
In the tomb of Mausolus—no idle fable,
In those mountains of art, the Pyramids—
There is work that all other work exceeds.

HANS SACHS.

Let axe and chisel play their part,
They cannot vie with the Painter's art.
They only bring houses and towns to light,
Pile castles and watch-towers, dizzy in height.
But he—what our God, by his word of power,
Call'd forth at creation's natal hour—
By mimic art to all time doth bequeath ;
Trees, herbage, and flowers, in field and on heath ;
The birds, as through the air they soar,
The human face, with its living power :
The elements—he wields them well,
The rage of fire, the ocean's swell ;
The devil he paints, and hell, and death,
And heaven, and angels who wait on God's breath.
All this by colours, now deep and now clear,
By his magical art can he cause to appear ;
Each part wrought out with the finest shading,
A beautiful sketch his purpose aiding.

All things he can bring to your very view,
 Not words could describe them more full and true.
 On these must he ponder by day and by night,
 For even in dreams his spirit is bright.
 The treasures of fancy await his control,
 For he glows with the poet's creative soul.
 The knowledge of all things is at his command,
 For they grow into life in his formative hand.
 Who can fashion all things under heaven,
 To him the master-craft is given.

MICHAEL BEHAIM.

The Painter thou dost praise too well ;
 More useful is the Mason still.
 Small good the Painter's talent brings ;
 He gives us but the shade of things.
 His painted fire no warmth bestows ;
 His sun no radiance round it throws ;
 His fruits distil no generous juice ;
 No balmy sweets his herbs diffuse ;
 Nor flesh nor blood his beasts possess ;
 His wine imparts no joyousness.

HANS SACHS.

This proverb true you'll find throughout—
 He blames an art who knows it not.
 What use the Painter's skill attends,
 Three things will clearly shew, my friends.
 The legacy history leaves to mankind,
 His colours more deeply imprint on the mind ;—
 How our hosts under Schweppermann gain'd their
 renown ;—
 How the emperor honour'd our bard with a crown.—

Who the drift of a writing cannot understand,
Finds it plain in the Painter's more legible hand ;—
Which teaches how vice has mischance for its end,
How honour and blessing the virtuous attend.—
And, secondly, mark—'tis Painting dispels
The sadness that often with solitude dwells ;
She brightens the gloomy sorrow of earth,
And kindles the eye with the lustre of mirth.—
And, thirdly, where is the art but allows
How much to the Painter's art it owes ?
Mason and goldsmith—whoever they be,
Graver and weaver—they all agree,
Without him their craft would helpless be.
When Zeuxis, Apelles, Protogenes' name
Had wide o'er the land of the Greeks spread their fame,
The art of the Painter above the rest
By every voice was queen confess'd.—
God's grace has richly bless'd our land
With many an artist's skilful hand,
And Albrecht Dürer's genius given,
To adorn our life with light from heaven.
That the seed he has sown may ever wax
Into plentiful harvests, prays Hans Sachs.

Thus sang the poet ; and his opponents
were silent. Full of inward delight, I tapped
him on the shoulder, and gave him to under-
stand, that he had spoken to me as if out of
my own soul. All loaded him with marks of
approbation, and not least Michael Behaim.

He took off his wreath, and placed it on the head of Hans Sachs, Nürnberg's accomplished shoemaker.





CHAPTER VII.

DÜRER RECEIVES A VISIT FROM THOMAS OF
BOLOGNA, A PUPIL OF RAPHAEL.



HAD no rest, and could not remain in the house, which, wearied with many walks on business, I had hardly entered. "If she is an orphan," I asked myself, "why is she then withheld from me, who desire to cherish and take care of her? And if she has parents, what have they to object to me? I desire no dowry with her. Even if I pay for her wedding-dress, I am contented." Amid such thoughts, I went down the stairs, and passed quickly through the house, that the maidens in the kitchen might not perceive my restless state. At the Townhall I saw persons standing before the black board, to which, from time to time, the orders of the

magistrates were affixed. Full of curiosity, as I always am, I went up to it, and read from the tablet, under the lattice-work, as follows :

“ A foreigner, who is offering for sale here certain works of art, and among them some which bear Dürer’s signature, but which are not a genuine impression, is prohibited, under a penalty, from selling the same : the which is hereby made known to the public.”

“ It is scandalous,” I exclaimed, “ noble friend ! that any one should so spoil thy just desert, as to lower thy fame as an artist, by smuggling sickly sheep into thy glorious flock. Love of gain is the motive for inflicting this mortification on Dürer. But I see no reason why I should suffer. It is wilfulness that gives me pain, merely to give me pain. But I am tired of doubtful suspense. To-day Dürer must speak out, and this very day must he assure me of the possession of the lovely Rosenthalerin.” Thinking thus, I found myself already before Dürer’s house, and knocked at the door. “ And to-day again

nothing will come of it," said I to myself, as I waited a moment, "for Herr Dürer is not at home, and with him fails my only consolation."

But the door was unbarred, and by Dürer himself. Intoxicated with joy, so as I had never before seen him, he kissed me, and pressed me to his heart. "Welcome, my friend," he cried, as he looked me in the face; "you have come to fill up the measure of happiness which has this day entered my humble dwelling. I have received from Rome, from the divine Raphael Sanzio, a letter and engravings. Celebrate with me this festal day. I am myself going to the wonderful city of the Tiber." He again embraced me with overflowing fervour, whilst I, little inclined to return his greeting, implored him to hear me. "First allow me only two words." "Nay, a thousand and a thousand, dearest friend!" With these words, he pushed open the door of the lower apartment, and forced me in.

To my great vexation, I found here a

foreign youth, who, as I immediately perceived, had come from beyond the Alps, and to whom the Italian dress was very becoming. The table before him was covered with drawings and engravings, and at the side, placed on two stools, was the picture—my picture with the Virgin. To see the Rosenthalerin and not to speak of her, was like the pains of hell. Any one else would have suspected jealousy in the burning eyes of the Italian, as he surveyed with fixed look the angelic form. I stood calmly there. As I went in at the door, I presumed I was to pay Frau Agnes a reluctant visit; but I now observed (what was actually the case) that she must be gone out; for on a sideboard I saw a large pitcher of wine and baked cakes.

“Herr Thomas of Bologna,”* said my host, “Raphael’s worthy disciple; and here, Herr Jacob Heller, from Frankfurt, a friend of the

* As in the Ms. ‘Polonia’ was written for Bologna, the name ‘Thomas Polonius’ has been changed into Thomas of Bologna, although a Bolognese of the name of Thomas does not appear in the list of Raphael’s pupils.

arts, and owner of this picture." Thomas cordially offered me his hand, and said, "You have made there a beautiful purchase. It is splendid, most splendid!" I would have joined in its praises, but Dürer, with so much haste that his down-flowing and beautifully-curled hair was thrown into disorder, rushed up to me with a letter in his hand, and said, in a voice trembling with joy, "There, read it! This letter Herr Thomas has brought me from Rome, from the prince of all painters, from the divine Raphael. Not long since, I sent him my portrait, with the large picture of the 'Passion of our Saviour,' only (God knows) to express my veneration for him, by sending him a few lines—only to tell him, that even our city was filled with the voice of his fame; and see! he sends me this letter and these invaluable presents in return. Look; but first, I pray you, read the letter."

I too had heard of Raphael of Urbino, and how, with the Florentine, Michel Angelo, he had made the seat of the holy fathers, Ju-

lius and Leo, glorious with the wonders of art; and it was most interesting to me to see his handwriting. The purport of the letter was, in German, to the following effect:

“The pleasure which you conferred on me by your valued present, my friend Thomas must describe to you, and supply what these few lines, by which I pay you the tribute of my thanks, may fail to express. Your name has long been the object of my veneration; henceforth will your countenance, full of patriarchal dignity, become so. You know how to handle your colours so skilfully, that I half mistook your painting in tempera for oil-painting, till my young friends convinced me of my error. The same glow of life which colours here display, you have discovered the method of breathing into woodcuts. In reference to richness of execution, I fear that the drawings and engravings which I send herewith, will, from their simplicity, contrast unfavourably with your own designs; neither do they satisfy myself, though they have hitherto satisfied all my friends, if they

do not flatter me. You will herewith receive, among other things, the head of a Madonna, which I have made use of in an altar-piece for the church of St. Sixtus at Piacenza. As good hints and beautiful women are alike rare, I follow a certain idea which pervades my mind. Whether this in any degree answers to the elevation of art, I know not. Cease not to love me, as I with my whole heart love you.

“Your devoted

“RAPHAEL SANZIO.”

The drawings were truly divine, and most of all, the portrait of the painter, with the simple cap. No painter could give a higher purity to the angel Raphael. The engravings were all works of Raphael, by his pupil, Mark Antony of Bologna.

We now applied ourselves to the refreshment which Dürer had provided; and he proved so attentive a host, that not a nail-drop* of wine remained in the pitcher. We

* Nagelprobe—the nail-test in drinking, by which it is

talked much of the land which will ever be the object of the artist's longing; and I listened attentively, and the more, because every glimpse of the Rosenthalerin was intercepted by Dürer's easy chair.

In reply to my question, what had induced Herr Thomas to take a journey from the land of flowers to our fields of ice, he told me, that he wished to visit at Brussels his former fellow-student, Bernhard of Orlay, now court-painter to the wife of the governor of the Netherlands, for he could no longer restrain his wish to see him; and that Master Albrecht, when he returned home, would accompany him to Rome.* "Yes, that I will," cried Dürer, enraptured at the idea; "I must

proved that the vessel is thoroughly emptied, scarcely a drop remaining to be put upon a man's nail, and even this drop being sipped off the nail.

* This plan was not put in execution, since Raphael died on Good Friday, 1520. Instead of the journey he had designed, Dürer in this year, accompanied by his wife and the maid Susanna, made an artistic tour to the Netherlands. The end he had in view, however—to gain something by taking portraits, and disposing of his copper-plates and woodcuts—failed.

behold Raphael face to face, and I must again salute my friends in Venice and Padua and Bologna." "Have you already been in our country?" asked Thomas.

"Yes, I was then thirteen years younger. The German Company in Venice had invited me to adorn the Church of St. Bartholomew, which belongs to them, in a manner suitable to the holiness of its destination, and to the high position which the Germans occupy in that city. For this reason the Italian painters were envious, and did much to annoy me, which I bore good-temperedly. All the beautiful objects which I daily saw, especially in St. Mark's Place, abundantly compensated me; and while there I missed neither my native city, nor my friends, nor my wife. Yes, Venice is certainly, after Rome, the most wonderful of cities, and seems almost to belong to fairyland. No one would repent taking a journey thither, if only to see the Church of St. Mark, covered with its gilded windows, which seems as if it were composed of precious stones,

with its gorgeous entrances, and its horses of bronze, and its gilded cupolas.”

“ I listen to what you have to tell me of Venice, with so much the more pleasure, as I every week receive letters on business from the city of St. Mark. But tell me, what do the horses do on the cathedral, since the lion is sacred to the Evangelist Mark ?”

“ Herr Fugger of Augsburg,” replied Dürer, “ who was the head director of the German Company in Venice, and who took a father’s interest in me, solved this enigma for me. The Emperor Barbarossa, who lived in enmity with the whole of Upper Italy, swore that as soon as he had subjugated Venice, which was particularly hostile to him, he would convert the cathedral there into a stable. Venice was obliged to yield to the power of the emperor, and he considered it a duty to fulfil the vow he had made. He actually did introduce horses into the house of God, but they were horses of bronze, the master-pieces of Lysippus. A splendid ap-

pearance do the four horses make over the richly adorned arch of the entrance."

"After the Church of St. Mark," I interrupted him, "surely the most remarkable object must be the Bridge of the Rialto, on which the cloth-warehouse of my business-friend Fugger stands."

"Every thing in the city of the Lagunes," he continued, "is more or less remarkable. As with us the principal people keep their carriages, so there they have rocking gondolas; and as men here exhibit bears and apes for money, so there horses and asses. Every day there looks like a holiday; every where are heard players on the fife and the lute, who play so sweetly that the tears come into our eyes. But what shall I say of the painters, of whom there are more, and more eminent, than any where else? It cost me great pains to gain the friendship of these men, who disliked me even before they had seen me. My workshop was in Fugger's house; and I sketched many designs for the decoration of the Church of St. Bartholomew.

A part of these were executed ; but the Italian painters would not bear it, and secretly injured my paintings, and insulted me. They called me Duro, and thought that every thing I did must be hard and coarse. They considered me as a hard, and indeed a sort of wild, man, who had come from Germany—from the farthest north, where the men learn manners from the bears, and language from the wolves ; where light was admitted into the houses only through masses of ice, as soon as they were not covered up to the roofs in snow ; where people went to walk on the rivers, and so forth. Such things vexed me, and I resolved to adopt the polished manners of the Italians. I diligently learned their truly beautiful language, and wrote to my friend Pirckheimer Italian letters which astonished him. I put off my own dress, and exchanged it for that which was worn there ; and I gave a dancing-master a ducat to improve my carriage. However, I only went twice to the dancing-school before I had had enough of it. I perceived that this was not the true way

to gain respect, and I returned to my easel. On it stood at that time a picture just begun, intended to adorn the high altar of the aforesaid church, and which represented the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. The Italians may laugh, I thought to myself; but when this painting is finished, their rivals themselves shall do honour to the Germans. Along with this I painted also some small pictures, and made a variety of copper-plate engravings, and all succeeded. At first the painters had hated me, because I took away their work from them; now they persecuted me out of envy, because they saw that I painted better than they did. Greater miscreants than live there, I think, do not exist on the face of the earth, whom, nevertheless, you would say, till you knew them, were the most agreeable of men. A skilful master, Pordenone, who afterwards became my friend, never painted without a drawn sword by his side, because a rival was plotting against his life. For this reason many whom I had gained as friends among the Venetians,

warned me not to eat and drink in the tavern with their native painters. Their judgment now of my works, as my countrymen secretly informed me, was, that I could do a little in engraving, but did not know how to use colours, and knew nothing of the antique."

"Now, Herr Albrecht," said the foreigner, "how would they be ashamed to be obliged to recall their judgment! What a glow of colouring is there in this Assumption of the Virgin; and what elevated simplicity, the true character of the antique, is impressed on this Madonna! It is incomparably beautiful."

"True," said Dürer, "I do now paint in a better style than formerly; but I no longer satisfy myself as I once did. Now many pictures of my youth, which once brought me honour, displease me, and with reason; and, in fact, if I did not know them to be my own works, I should hardly recognise them as such. But, with the improvement in my taste, the joy of creation is gone. You are

still young, Herr Thomas ; remember my words, that you also will in time taste this bitter experience. Formerly I liked gay colouring—I might even say a sharp contrast of colour—and I was an admirer of my own works. When I grew older, I knew how to appreciate the beauty of statues, and I discovered that simplicity is the highest ornament of art. Now I sigh, because I never can attain it. Each one of my works is a monument of my deficiency.”

“ Leave it to the Venetian painters,” I rejoined, “ to pronounce such a judgment ; they were angry, because you deprived them of their bread. It was their hungry stomachs that attacked you. Tell us how you contrived to quiet them.”

“ I painted,” continued the narrator, “ diligently at my Bartholomew ; and every day its effect corresponded more to the thought that floated in my mind. But the flower requires to be tended and watered, that it may unfold itself, and attract regard at once by its perfume and blossom ; and so did I, amid

my quiet diligence, painfully feel the want of counsel and encouragement from judicious friends. I therefore determined, in some way or other, to procure for myself the esteem of some of the painters, who shewed me so much unkindness, but were, in other respects, worthy men. The best painter at that time was Johann Bellini, an old man, who must be long since dead, but whose spirit still lives in his disciple, the mighty Tizian."

"Johann Bellini is immortal in a double sense," said Thomas; "he has recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday. But a few years since he painted, with the assistance of Tizian, a beautiful picture for the Archduke of Ferrara, representing a bacchanalian scene, in playful groups. When I last visited him, and told him of my intention to go to Germany, and to Nürnberg, he remembered you with touching interest, and thought that if he had been ten years younger, he would have ventured to accompany me in my journey, in order to surprise you by a visit. He shewed me a painting of

yours, and bade me again and again ‘greet the German Apelles.’”

“This greeting,” cried Durer, moved even to tears, “this greeting I reckon among the presents you have brought me, and shall remain your debtor for the rest of my life. And so the old master still lives and thinks of me? His venerable presence made an ineffaceable impression on me at first sight, and my wish to please him grew stronger after I became an admirer of his paintings. Master Bellini received my expressions of affection coldly; and I learnt with bitter wrath that some young painters (I will not name them) had blackened me in his opinion, and represented my labours as an artist, as a mere contrivance to get money. For a long time I trembled to enter his painting-room; at length my courage took wing, and I hastened to him. By accident the painting-room was open, and no one within. On the easel was an unfinished portrait of the Doge Loredano, which even in its commencement gave promise of perfection. I waited in vain for the master, and

induced by ennui—for I never could sit still when there were pencils and palette before me—I painted, by way of a joke, a fly on the forehead of the portrait. I slipped away like a thief, fearing discovery, and I was now as much pleased to meet no one, as I had before been vexed. When Johann Bellini came back to his easel, he, as he afterwards told me, tried to scare the fly away; he looked up, and saw it again in the same place, and again drove it away, but in vain; the fly would not and could not move, for it was painted. Meantime Tizian came into the room; he had scarcely looked at the portrait, when he blew, and cried out, ‘There is no knowing what to do with the flies in summer, though they often pay for their forwardness by leaving their feet behind them.’ Master Bellini burst into a loud laugh, when he tried to remove it, and told him how he himself had been deceived. Tizian, who for the most part thought contemptuously of the artists among his own countrymen, declared rather saucily, that no Venetian painter could

paint such a fly as that, and that without doubt the trick had been played by the foreigner from whose hand he had seen a glorious picture in the Church of St. Bartholomew. The stranger was a German, but he was the periwinkle among the wild heath, Albrecht Dürer. Johann asked him where Albrecht lived ; and Tizian offered himself as guide to his house. Alone, and at peace with myself, I was painting the head of St. Bartholomew, and at the same time whistling a favourite tune. I did not observe that the door was opened behind me, and that strangers had entered ; and it was only after they had stood some time behind my stool, that I heard some one clear his throat. I turned round quickly, and saw Tizian, and on the other side stepped forward Johann Bellini, the two most celebrated masters of renowned Venice. I suddenly sprang up, snatched the cap from my head, and looked around for a seat : no other, however, was to be found than the one I had just quitted. I pushed it towards the aged gentleman, who had done an un-

known stranger the favour to mount up so many steps and visit him in his untidy room. My embarrassment, however, was at the highest, when I saw the chair all soiled, for in my surprise I had let fall the pallet on its back. While I cleansed the seat for the grey-headed master, Tizian had already selected a chest for his throne, and begged I would not stand upon ceremony. ‘My dear sirs,’ I began, ‘I perceive that I owe the honour of this visit to the request of Herr Fugger (for Tizian was an intimate friend of his), since I told him, that I should be very glad to submit this altar-piece, before its final completion and setting up, to the judgment of experienced masters; for I am but young and unpractised.’ ‘I am still younger,’ said Tizian, ‘and certainly could not offer myself as your teacher.’ ‘And I,’ interrupted Johann, ‘am by no means come here, as you may think, to be your panegyrist, but rather to call you to account for an affront you have put upon me. You have been seen to-day slipping away out of my painting-room, and

—do not deny it—it is you who have spoiled my picture.’ ‘Why should I have done it,’ I then said; ‘I, who have here suffered so much from the malicious tricks of envy? for the Italian painters, before I took sufficient care to prevent it, injured my paintings in St. Bartholomew’s Church, and in the faces of the angels scratched out the eyes with their nails, as they would no doubt have willingly done to me.’ ‘So much the less unreasonable, then, will you think it,’ resumed Johann, ‘that I should wish such evil-doers to be punished; and it will not appear strange to you, if I at once accuse you before the Signoria, partly of having violated my domestic rights, and partly of having maliciously injured my work.’ ‘But remember,’ I said, almost entreatingly, ‘that the head had only the ground-colour painted.’ ‘So!’ cried the good old man, with a benignant smile, ‘it was you then who painted the fly? Success to you! Something great will come of you. The claw betrays the lion. But this magnificent picture offers me at too cheap a

rate, the fame of an unerring prophet; for you are already great—you have already attained the point at which I leave off.' I hung my head, embarrassed, since Johann, as well as Tizian, overwhelmed me with panegyrics, shook me by the hand, and encouragingly tapped me on the shoulder. 'Young German,' they said, 'you are come here to *teach* us, whereas formerly your countrymen came only to *learn*.' With the most hearty approval both surveyed the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, and only pointed out a few faults, which I promised to correct. Johann praised beyond measure the head of the saint, whose eye so vividly expressed that, for all his martyrdom, a reward was not wanting, and especially the delicate treatment of the hair; and he asked me what kind of pencil I could possibly use to paint the hair so fine and free. I then shewed him a whole bundle of pencils of different sorts, and convinced him by trial, that even with the largest pencil I could paint the finest hair. At this the Italian painters were not a little astonished.

They now left me with the warmest assurances of friendship; and Johann ordered me, as I intended soon to quit Venice, to paint a picture for him at any price, as a *souvenir*; and I promised him to do so. Who was happier than I?"

"Johann Bellini was quite right," said Thomas, "in thinking that the Italians should come to learn of you. The designs of your woodcuts, which have perhaps been no where more valued than in Italy, have found many imitators. I name only Joachim Pontormo, who borrowed from you a landscape background, and whose master, Andrea del Sarto, has copied many figures from you. And it now occurs to me, that when I was examining in Ferrara the bacchanalian piece just mentioned, by Bellini and Tizian, I was struck with a certain foreign peculiarity, and that I perceived the same again in the altarpiece at St. Bartholomew's church. The similarity which seemed to me accidental, was therefore not so. Your copiousness of ideas surprised even, as the story goes, the great

Michel Angelo, and he burnt your copper-plates through vexation and jealousy.”

“If he destroyed them,” said I, at length breaking silence, “another, Herr Dürer, has taken care to renew your engravings. On my way hither, I learned that a stranger is daring to offer for sale woodcuts with your signature, which are not genuine.”

“I know why,” said Dürer. “To the paternity of these that malicious rogue Marco Antonio has helped me, who is your countryman and fellow-pupil; and to him I owe these copper-plates after Raphael. It was not enough that he engraved after me the Great Passion; he is now even offering for sale impressions of the hundred plates representing the Life of the Virgin. Since these are without doubt his work, and since he has re-produced the original designs with extreme accuracy, even to my initials A. D., he cannot fail to have gained much by them. Without a careful comparison, an unpractised eye might easily mistake his dry copper-plates for my vigorous woodcuts. It is disgraceful

that this spurious brood should be passed off in Germany, and even in my native city during my own lifetime, and that the magistrates should not punish the shamelessness of the printseller by seizing these bastard sheets. But the State takes no better care of the property of the artist in Venice. Marco Antonio came to Venice in his nineteenth year, and from gratitude exchanged his family name for that of his first teacher, Francia. He had acquired some reputation by various essays in copper-plate engraving, and attached himself warmly to me, because he heard that I was a master of the same art. I lent him for study, sketches, copper-plates, and woodcuts, and requested him many times to give me a proof of his diligence. He once gave for answer, that there were already copper-plates of his in my hands. I quickly looked through the collection which he had borrowed from me and returned, but I found nothing. How great was his triumph, then, when he shewed me that some which appeared to be woodcuts were imitations in copper, which

he had executed by way of practice. Although on nearer view I discovered many faults, yet I commended his laudable zeal. We fell out, however, when we had been the best friends. Marco Antonio came to Venice from Bologna poorly supplied with cash; nevertheless no price was too high for him to pay for good impressions of my woodcuts, which I there offered for sale. He was soon in possession of a good collection, but without a penny in his pocket wherewith to satisfy the cravings of his hungry stomach. In order to pacify that, he thought it might be permitted him to nibble at my bread; so, with a few strokes, he placed on the copperplates which he had just finished, A. D., and cried aloud: 'Go forth, and teach all the heathen!' He had reference in those words to the despisers of my art. I cannot deny that I principally have to thank the roguery of Marco Antonio for the spread of my fame in Italy, for he sold the plates for a mere trifle. I was not, however, satisfied with this, and lodged a complaint against him before the

Signoria ; but I could obtain no prohibition against the sale of the plates : Marco Antonio was only ordered to remove my signature from them. Like all half measures for the removal of evil, this was ineffectual. Without even bidding me farewell, Marco Antonio went to Rome, and became the friend of Raphael. I only envy him this friendship, not the gold he has gained."

"It is sometimes the way of the world," said I, "that the poor man lives on the rich, and your fellow-artists in Nürnberg serve you in the same manner. Since I have been here, I have already seen many woodcuts, from which the signature of the actual workman had been scratched out, and yours substituted in its place. But you have still to tell us of Venice, and Johann Bellini, and many others."

"I now daily took my meals together with Bellini, Tizian, and Giorgione. The painter Giorgione was the handsomest and most accomplished man whom I had ever known. It is a pity that the unrestrained ardour of youth-

ful passion will only too early consume him. He gained the hearts of all women by his playing on the lute. Some paintings of his were, for their clear tone of colouring, preferred to those of his master Bellini. Fugger's cloth-warehouse, which the Venetians had rebuilt for the Germans, after it had been reduced to ashes in the war with Maximilian, was painted on the exterior by Tizian and Giorgione jointly. There were to be seen biblical and allegorical representations, with landscapes and beautiful decorations. Tizian had succeeded very well in the landscapes, in executing which he had taken hints from German painters ; but Giorgione's paintings, although I did not equally comprehend their meaning, were without doubt the best. These painters, and also Palma and Porde- none, were friendly towards me ; and although they had formerly said, that I did not understand how to manage colours, they now acknowledged that they had never seen more beautiful colouring. They often obliged me to join in their festivities, and adopted me

into their schools of painting, for which purpose I had to sacrifice many a gulden. My fame became greater every day; the great and distinguished often paid their respects to me; and I was obliged at last to conceal and deny myself; otherwise, from so many visits, little work would have been done. My friends at home now pressed me to return to Nürnberg; and I therefore worked with increased diligence at the paintings in St. Bartholomew, and at a Madonna, which I had destined as an offering of friendship to Johann Bellini. I now rose earlier from table, and deprived myself of many hours of sleep. At length the altar-piece was finished, and was with much state borne to the church, and set up. I earned great praise, but little else, for I received but eighty-five ducats, and might have gained during that time full two hundred—I received so many orders, which I quite declined. I did not, however, repent it; and a still greater honour awaited me. His Grace the Doge sent me word that he wished, on an appointed day, to see the pic-

ture, of which the fame was so great. Thither I went, and saw the most splendid gondolas standing at the bridge ; and in the church was a crowd of people, and among them many painters. I was received with much respect, and conducted to the altar, where I found the Doge Loredano and the High-Chancellor—the latter in a long black robe, the former in one laced with gold, with long hanging sleeves ; and besides them the venerable Patriarch. The Doge, who was a connoisseur, declared openly that in no church in Venice was there a more beautiful painting, and presented me with this valuable ring, which he drew from his finger. I scarcely knew what was going forward, and spoke not a word. As I left the church, I said to myself, ‘ This honour is too great, and it is high time that thou shouldst quit the city of St. Mark, or thou wilt be obliged to bear about with thee a dagger as well as a pencil.’ In two days more I had packed up and travelled to Padua ; from thence, but not by the direct road, to Mantua ; first, how-

ever, to Bologna, whither the excellent Francia had invited me—Francia, who knew that he was surpassed by Raphael, and honoured him, and who wished to initiate me into the secrets of perspective, the principles of which he thought he had thoroughly mastered. He received me with paternal affection; but I learnt from him nothing new. The consideration which I had acquired in Venice was of service to me during my whole journey; and I returned to Nürnberg like a child dragged away from its playthings and sent back to school.

“How depressed I was! How did I, at home, *freeze* for want of the sun! There I was my own master, but here—”

I pitied the noble artist, and the foreigner partook of my feeling. “Come to Rome, then,” cried he, “if you are not happy here, and stay there all your life.” “Nay, not so,” replied Dürer. “A Nürnberger does not quit his native city. At Antwerp I was once offered three hundred gulden as a pension and a fine house, with the promise that I should

be well paid for all my works ; but full of love for the imperial city, I declined it."

" Yes, spare to Germany the German Apelles!" I exclaimed. " But tell us, Herr Thomas, something of Rome, and of the renowned painter of Urbino." In this manner I contrived to divert the melancholy humour which seemed to be creeping over Dürer. " Yes"—he joined me with a brightened countenance in requesting—" yes, tell me something new of the painter of painters; repeat to me again how he thinks, how he lives, how he is honoured."

" You call Raphael a painter," began Thomas; " call him rather artist, call him philosopher; for his youthful spirit embraces all that is grand and beautiful. Rome, that, ever happily renewed, has seen from her seven hills kingdoms rise and fall, and fears not the caprices of fortune, is now illuminated by a Raphael, as though he were sent to the Eternal City to renew her ancient glory. When Raphael entered the holy places, a breath as of home greeted him, and

he resolved never again to quit them. A new life buds for him out of the ruins of the past. You would take him for a sculptor, did you see him going among the broken marble images, and paying homage to the heathen deities; for an architect, when he is measuring the rows of pillars and mausoleums, and comparing them with the rules laid down by Vitruvius; for a student of history, when he points out the places where the herdsman discovered the twin brothers, the grotto in which the old king held converse with the nymph Egeria, the forum where Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's pillar. Raphael is no man—no, he is a mortal god. The Pope has recently committed to him the erection of St. Peter's church, that its cupolas, like his own fame, may rise above the hills of Rome. Raphael, in his modesty, calls the undertaking the flight of Icarus. However, what a Dædalus could effect will not fail with him."

"Did he go immediately from his native city to Rome?" I asked—less, however, for the

information than to give a turn to the discourse. "By no means," he replied. "It was in Florence that his genius, whose flight the dry manner of his master Perugino had at first retarded, entered on the career where it has displayed so brilliant an example. He often declares that he owes to the Florentines all that is good in his works. It was the late Pope Julius, who, in the fifth year of his pontificate, invited him to Rome, and assigned him a hall in the Vatican to adorn with large frescoes. The confidence placed in the unpretending youth appeared to all most strange, until the event more than justified it; for although the most renowned of the Florentine masters had here given proof of their skill, it was nevertheless the paintings of Raphael alone which excited the admiration of the Pope and of all connoisseurs in art. 'Raphael shall paint all the chambers anew:' such was the command of the decided Julius. As Raphael once entered the splendid chambers, he saw a whole host of masons destroying with reckless zeal the labours of eminent

painters. He turned away from the sight with sorrow; and when he learned what was about to be done, he hastened to the Pope, kissed his feet, and implored him with tears, ‘Holy father, put a stop to the destruction! Not yet is the ceiling which my master Perugino painted with pious diligence defaced by rude hands. Preserve it still to a later age, and spare to me a monument of grateful remembrance.’ ‘Let it be so,’ replied the Pope, kindly; ‘but trust me, I was more careful for the fame of thy master when I wished it destroyed, than thou, when thou urgest me to preserve it; for hereafter the works of the scholar will be compared with those of the master.’”

“Was, then, Raphael’s genius immediately recognised as it deserved?” I asked. “But few artists are permitted to share this good fortune with him.”

“No wonder,” said Thomas; “where such a diamond glitters, it will be lifted from the dust and placed in a crown. The Pope now ruling loves him no less than did Julius. All

distinguished and learned persons are proud of Raphael's friendship ; for instance, Cardinals Bembo and Castiglione. He will soon be himself adorned with a Cardinal's hat. He is extolled to heaven by his numerous pupils, whom he keeps employed not only in Rome but throughout Italy, and even in Greece ; for wherever they find any remains of antique architecture or statuary of a beautiful form, he makes them copy it for him. He lives not like a painter, but a prince ; and when he quits his house, he sees himself surrounded by perhaps fifty painters, who think it an honour to accompany him."

"Is his merit, then, universally recognised?" asked Dürer, with a serious countenance.

"You put a question to me which I would willingly leave unanswered, to avoid a painful feeling. Understand, then, that there is one man who does not value him, whose judgment he would consider as the first—Michel Angelo Buonarotti. Raphael often

thanks God that he was born during the lifetime of a Michel Angelo ; while, on the contrary, the latter declares that Raphael owes his art merely to his unceasing diligence. When you observe the commanding statue of Moses, which he has erected at the tomb of Julius, you might think you saw the haughty Florentine himself, when he met the sudden rage of this Pope, and forced him to condescend to supplication. Yes—he it is who returns Raphael's affection by mortifying him."

To my question, "Is Michel Angelo, then, really as great as fame reports him?" he replied with animation, "Yes, truly great. What Dante was among learned men and poets, such is Michel Angelo among painters and sculptors. In his Moses he has—not equalled the ancients, but surpassed them. How the horned patriarch sits there, supporting himself on the tables of the law ; and in the wavy curls of his long beard, inimitable by the pencil, playfully moves his hand ! The divinity on his brow terrifies one by the

radiance which it sheds forth. The Hebrews, who are forbidden to have any holy image, make a pilgrimage every sabbath-day, in troops like cranes, to the church of St. Peter's Chain, that in the Moses they may worship their God. When the work was finished, with one voice they all exclaimed, 'Michel Angelo is the greatest of sculptors!' Then the Pope conceived the wish, that, as Raphael had painted the state-rooms of the Vatican, so Michel Angelo should adorn its chapel. He resisted, being ignorant of fresco-painting; but in vain. Famous painters from Florence were appointed to assist him. He consented, learned their art by observing them at work, then drove them from the scaffolding, and quite alone, in less than two years, painted the immense cupola of the chapel, where, amidst numberless figures of giant size, prophets and sibyls cry to you from above, 'Worship Art; she is the revealer of God!' All now exclaimed, 'Michel Angelo is the greatest of painters!' and Raphael joined the cry."

Such things did Thomas relate to his attentive hearers. Meantime evening had come on, and I thought of going home, under the idea that the painters would have many subjects to talk of during which the presence of a layman might be unwelcome. In particular, Thomas had often requested Dürer to shew him his sketches. I could tell beforehand, that the conversation would be carried on far into the night.

I took leave of the stranger and my host. The latter said to me, that I should find a letter at home, which, a short time before I had come in, the servant had carried to my inn. "What are the contents of the letter," I asked, "unless it contains an acknowledgment?" "You will soon see," replied Dürer. "It is easier to write some things than to say them." When I heard that, a joyful anticipation took possession of me, and I still more hastened my departure. What secret, thought I, can Dürer have to impart to me, if it does not concern the Rosenthalerin? Before I dream of her to-night, I shall to-day receive

the key which will decipher for me the mysterious characters of my fate. Arrived at the Golden Rose, I could not quickly enough get the letter and a light. I read as follows :

“ In the first place, accept my best service, dear Herr Heller. I have received the last hundred gulden for the picture, with thanks; and I think I have fairly earned them. A person in Nürnberg has offered me 300 gulden for it, and Herr Sebald Schreyer will give me 400 gulden, if I will paint him a Virgin Mary in the same style. But this I have flatly refused, for I should in the meantime become a beggar. Nevertheless, be assured that I consider it a rich reward to have gained your friendship, which may you henceforth continue to me and mine. My wife begs to ask for a small present, in regard to which consult your own pleasure.

“ ALBRECHT DÜRER.”

In another letter from the same, one passage ran thus :

“ The excellent wine which you have sent me, shall long serve as a refreshment to strengthen me after my work, and to remind me of your affection. My wife thanks you for your remembrance, and my younger brother for the two gulden, which you have sent him as a present.”





CHAPTER VIII.

THE CROWNING OF THE POET PIRCKHEIMER.

(Unfinished.)



MASTER DÜRER had informed me, by a few lines, that on Tuesday a festival would take place in the castle, at which I might like to be present. It was, that the Emperor, with his own hands, would place the crown of poetry on the head of Herr Pirckheimer. I have before mentioned some of the Latin poetry of this learned man, presented to the Emperor on his arrival by the magistrate. The poem was beyond measure ingeniously elaborate, and all unprejudiced persons declared, that such a one had never been composed before, and never could be again. For it contained the most elevated sentiments; and what was most wonderful, when the initial letters of the verses were read in se-

quence, these words were found: *Maximilianus . Imperator . Semper . Augustus . Archidux . Austriæ . Plurimarumque . Europæ . Provinciarum . Rex . Et . Princeps . Potentissimus .* and when the concluding letters of the verses were noticed, the same titles again occurred.

Many will perhaps smile at the excessive labour bestowed on these lines; but I consider it well applied. For, what do the poets usually do? Instead of celebrating a hero, they call on the Muses and sing of Apollo and all the gods without end. Therefore that Thessalian Scopas gave a poet only half the reward agreed upon for his panegyric, sending him to Castor and Pollux, who must be kind enough to pay him the other half, since he had exalted them still more zealously than himself. Between two fixed rows of letters, as in Pirckheimer's poem, just as between two barriers, the wild Pegasus must keep his course; for the poet will be reminded right and left whom he has to celebrate.

I had received Dürer's short letter. But

when I got home late, I thought it would be of no use then to go to the castle. But being in doubt whether the principal persons would be exact to the hour, as I had recently had experience at the Townhall, I put on my full dress, and went to the Vestner-gate. Already the tower Lug-ins-Land, whose name at my entrance into Nürnberg had sounded in my ear like a happy omen, seemed as with friendly look to beckon me. Lug-ins-Land!* I had obeyed this encouraging invitation, and repented it not.

In front of the Himmels-gate many people were standing; and I soon heard that they had not to wait long for the emperor this time, and that he was walking about in the castle-court. I pressed in at the gate, made my bow, and placed myself unnoticed among those who had assembled here to pay their respects. I was vexed, because I thought I had come *after* the festival; but the Councillor Volckamer, who gave me a friendly greeting, in-

* *Lug-ins-Land*,—look into the country.

formed me that Herr Pirckheimer had not yet appeared, and therefore I had not missed any thing. In fact, by the command of the emperor, they had told him nothing more than the other members of the magistracy; namely, that his majesty wished to have the whole Council assembled at the appointed hour in the audience-chamber of the castle. Pirckheimer, therefore, had no idea that a surprise was intended for him; and the bulky gentleman, to whom walking was a toil, took his own time, thinking, in his modesty, that among so many others he should not be missed. This was in the highest degree annoying to our Dürer, who did not once give me a friendly look, but turned his eyes continually to the gate, to see whether he was yet appearing.

Meantime the Emperor Maximilian, by whose side was the giant knight, Johannes von Schwarzenberg, as learned as he was brave, did not let the time hang heavy on his hands. Both were listening attentively to the Provost Pfinzing, who, pointing first to one

and then to another part of the wall, explained to them how every thing had looked in former times. For he discerned in every stone to what citadel it had formerly belonged. He had much to relate of the pentangular tower on the limestone rock, and of the Lug-ins-Land. Between these two towers the noble Burg-graves of Zollern had erected their dwelling, after the manner of eagles, that build their eyries on high. But they were once surprised by enemies in the night, and their castle set on fire. It lay in a heap of unsightly ruins ; but the towers, as though they had been built of iron, and were only hardened into steel by the flames, remained uninjured, and the latest generations will see their summits rising to heaven. The imperial stables now mark the place of the Zollern-castle.

During his narration, Max thought of the glorious olden time, when a knight passed his days amid adventures and noble deeds ; when the Christians with enthusiasm and devotion delivered the Holy Sepulchre from

the infidels. The emperor's thoughts had, from tender infancy, turned to the conquest of the infidels; and when he considered that in his own times infidels had penetrated into Europe, he trembled with rage and anguish. This Herr Pfinzing knew well, and therefore described in *Teuerdank*, how the manly hero, in accordance with a heavenly mission, goes forth against the heathens, and acquires in the field the renown of a truly Christian ruler. Max had already reached his sixtieth year; but he was still always occupied with the thought, how the bold Turk might be punished, and had even written to the Pope on the subject. Yes, had the emperor lived longer, the Crescent would long since have set, to the honour of Christendom. In the meantime, Pfinzing had led the emperor to the neighbouring *Freiung*, a strong bastion, and the whole train followed him. Within an enclosure here was a fierce bull, which, for greater security, was fastened to a stake. The timid provost slipped by here not without apprehension, and went to

the wall, from which you look down the side of a precipitous rock into a deep chasm. In front of the wall Pfinzing drew attention to some deep marks in a stone, and related that they were traces of a horse's hoofs. For the Knight Eppo of Gailingen, when he was languishing here in the castle, after being taken prisoner by the Nürnbergers, broke the bars of his dungeon, carried off a spirited horse from the stable, and then from the bastion ventured the desperate leap into the valley, and successfully escaped. "That was a different time to the present," began the emperor, "in which our provost is terrified at a tied-up bull, whose rope two such animals could not break." Pfinzing smiled; but Schwarzenberg felt his pride wounded, and said in reply: "How so? cannot a man of good courage succeed as well at the present day in such an adventure as formerly? Many a knight can still boast of courage and strength, like that of the days of the Hohenstaufen, even as long before their time manly virtues were well known.

Throw yourselves back into the age of fable, and think of Theseus and Hercules, and let it not be forgotten that Schwarzenberg has twenty times already carried away the prize in the tournament. If one time has the advantage over another, it is our own, when Frederick's magnanimous son bears the sceptre. Who has not heard of the labours of Hercules? I will shew you what he did with the Cretan bull." He spoke, and swift as an arrow had leapt over the enclosure, and was exciting the rage of the bull, wildly butting on every side. He tore the cord in two like a rotten thread, seized the powerful animal by the horns, pressed it down, so that it groaned, and, as I saw with my own eyes, lifted it up, and then flung it again on the ground. Max was not wanting in his praise. The enclosure, and the exhaustion of the animal, which now stared straight before it quite faint, protected us against every danger. But Schwarzenberg was quite hearty, the exertion had done him no harm. We left the sunny bastion, and returned to the cas-

tle-yard, where a very old lime-tree, perhaps the largest in the world, spread a refreshing shade. The Emperor Maximilian betook himself to his apartment, and promised at the appointed time to appear in the audience-chamber. Here were already waiting all the members of the Council, and those who had joined them, while Dürer, pining with impatience, was constantly running up and down the steps. For he had, at the emperor's command, as I afterwards learned, arranged every thing for the coronation of the poet, with admirable taste, and fitted to surprise, not only the Herr Pirckheimer, but even the emperor and myself. And now he saw all his labour thrown away. He was already intending, though it would have excited surprise, to send a special summons to the dilatory councillor, when at length he appeared walking slowly and thoughtfully. He suspected nothing of the happiness which was in preparation for him, for he entered the hall with a countenance almost sullen.

The Recorder Spengler, who had shortened

the tediousness of waiting by many a joke, approached him with the words: "Well, how does your wisdom?" "My wisdom has run aground, and every thing which I have laboriously built is wrecked," answered Pirckheimer gravely. "You know how zealously I have occupied myself with astrology, and have striven to learn from the planets the fortunes of the whole human race and of individual friends. I thought by my searchings to have obtained the key by which to read the language of the stars. All was a dream!" Pirckheimer was asked to explain himself more clearly, how he came to the conviction of this self-deception, as so much had turned out exactly correspondent to his predictions. "It is a pleasure to me," he continued, "to cast the nativity of those who are dear to my heart. To-day I questioned the stars what fate had decided respecting my youngest daughter. You know that my daughter Charitas long since took the veil. And now the answer was that to-day she would tie the nuptial knot! Thus I have

long lived the fool of my imagination ; and now that I stand on the brink of the grave, I know that I know nothing." "Yes," cried Herr Spengler ; "why should your daughter the nun not marry ? Were she not living on the Danube, I would to-day carry her off from her convent. But, Herr Pirckheimer, Herr Pirckheimer, you would learn the fate of your youngest daughter ; and your youngest children are those whom you have had after the death of your wife !" All smiled, but Pirckheimer remained silent.

Suddenly the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets was heard ; the folding-doors were thrown open ; and the Emperor Maximilian in a scarlet mantle, on which glittered a gold chain, entered with a gracious countenance, followed by a retinue splendidly attired. Those assembled formed themselves immediately into a compact half-circle round the emperor. The astonished Pirckheimer would have entered among them ; but, on one hand, Albrecht Dürer pushed him back into the

midst ; on the other, Herr Imhoff, with a smile, closed the entrance against him ; and there again Herr Volckamer signified to him that there was no more room. I was really sorry for the poor man, as he walked up and down embarrassed and vexed.

In the meantime a side-door opened. The noise of the kettle-drums ceased, and to the soft notes of flutes and harps a maiden entered, followed by the sons of the most distinguished families, who made music like angels. They were beautifully dressed ; but what shall I say of the maiden ? Bashfully she cast down her eyes ; and her fair locks, which were bound upon her forehead by a chaplet of roses, flowed down from the crown of her head over her shoulders. Was it the holy Rosalia ? No ; it was the Rosenthalerin, who to-day appeared to my eyes more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in white, and a rose-coloured scarf heightened the dazzling brightness of her complexion. Modestly she carried in both hands a white cushion, on which rested a laurel-crown. Pirckheimer

observed her with deep-felt emotion ; for the crown took away from him all doubt as to the cause of her appearance. The emperor could not take off his eyes from the form of maiden beauty ; and I stood and gazed, quite dissolved in longing. She now bent before the emperor, and he took the crown. Then she laid the cushion before Pirckheimer, and he knelt upon it with tears in his eyes. Every friend he had wept with him.

Then the emperor said some gracious words, to the effect that he crowned Wilibald Pirckheimer with laurel on the spot where his father had first conferred this same honour on the renowned Celtes. Pirckheimer, although overcome with emotion, made a well-composed reply in Latin, which every one unacquainted with his festival-poem would have thought sufficient to deserve the crown.

The ceremony was not yet at an end ; for now the emperor graciously turned to the Rosenthalerin, and kissed her on the forehead, and gave her permission to ask a favour.

Behold, there lay the maiden at the feet of the emperor, and with touching eloquence entreated a support for her foster-father. By means of his art, she urged imploringly, he had glorified Nürnberg, which was the brightest jewel in the imperial crown; and now, having lost his eye-sight in too eager a pursuit after fame, he was suffering want. "Who is thy foster-father, fair child? and who is thy father?" asked the emperor, with sympathy. Then Herr Pirckheimer came forward in a free and noble spirit, and said: "Her foster-father is Master Veit Stoss, the carver; her father stands before your majesty. Up to this time has the maiden been called Rosenthalerin, after her mother; to-day I own her as my rightful daughter. Let her bear the name of Maria Pirckheimer. She shall share my inheritance equally with my other children." Then Dürer, who stood in front, began; and * * *

Here unfortunately some leaves of the manuscript are wanting; and there are not even indications extant of what they con-

tained, that the editor, as Freinsheim on another occasion,* might carry honey into dry cells. From conjectures and inferences, it seems probable, that, in what followed, was related, how the Emperor Max pensioned and honoured the old Veit Stoss; how, in his presence, through Dürer's mediation, the maiden found a bridegroom in Jacob Heller; how the marriage was celebrated in Nürnberg, and the young couple then proceeded to Frankfurt. Here Maria Hellerin had already died before the drawing up of the manuscript, and had left behind her a son, Wilibald.

In the manuscript, after the blank, follows a letter of Pirckheimer, with a postscript by the author.

* A celebrated Latinist, who supplied the wanting decades of Livy.





CONCLUSION.

LETTER FROM PIRCKHEIMER, AND POSTSCRIPT BY
THE AUTHOR.

IN the first place, my kindest service to you, my dear Herr Heller. Forgive me, that I have not until now thanked you for your letter, which I received last month, and in which you not only remember me with kindness, but give me more praise and honour than I think myself worthy of. For your good opinion of me, I have, doubtless, to thank our mutual friend, Albrecht Dürer, whom for his art and his virtues you so loved, that even those connected with him are dear to you. So much the more melancholy is it for me to inform you, that our friend peacefully departed on Good Friday, the 6th of April,*

* The 18th of April, according to our present calendar.

of this year, in the 57th year of his age. On the evening of the following day, by the pale moonlight, he was conveyed to his place of rest in the cemetery of St. John, by some artists, in solemn stillness, broken only by the lamentations of those who loved him. His fellow-artists have lost their exemplar; his friends, their pride; the city, its glory. Individual artists, who were equal to him in a single department, may be found; but none such as possess his manifold gifts. An impression in wax preserves the features of the deceased, which are as benignant as those of the living man. I have truly lost in Albrecht one of the best friends I had on earth, and nothing troubles me so much as that he should have had so melancholy an end. Next to the will of God, I can impute it to no one more than to his wife, whose unkindness gnawed at his heart so painfully, that it greatly hastened his departure. Like the mourners in olden times, he had himself long since cut off his flowing hair, for every joy had fled: he had become pallid, and dwindled away to a sha-

dow. Never did he venture to enjoy himself, and visit his friends ; so careful was this vixen of a wife lest he should be too happy. Day and night she pitilessly kept him to his work, to get money for her, and then as now she was always expecting to be ruined, although Albrecht has left her to the amount of six thousand gulden. But there is no satisfying her ; and, in short, she is the cause of his early death. Often have I remonstrated with her, on her harsh, suspicious temper, and prophetically warned her of what the end would be ; but I have earned nothing but ingratitude from her. Any man who was kind to him, and was much with him, she regarded with an evil eye ; and the deepest sorrow preyed upon Albrecht, till at length it brought him to his grave. She has not a particle of trust ; and he who will not admit that she is right in every thing, is an object of her suspicion. Better to have a wife of light character, than one who, with a reputation for honour, leaves her husband no rest or peace, night or day, by her scolding

and her worrying suspicion. But he has departed; and nothing remains but to commend the case to God. He will be merciful to the pious Albrecht, who has lived a truly honourable life, and died the blessed death of a Christian. May He grant me too the favour soon to follow my friend.*

There is much talk here of the horrible deeds of the Turks, and of the misery arising from our rulers and princes being divided among themselves. Woe to them who could give aid, and yet look inactive on the cause! But these are chastisements from God, for the sin of Christians living at enmity with one another. The manner in which our evangelical heroes of the faith oppose each other in the

* Wilibald Pirckheimer died two years later, in 1530; and in the same year, old Peter Vischer departed this life. Vischer's sons died in middle life: the eldest son, Hermann, first. By the side of his fraternal friend, the painter Wolf Traut, he was run over by a sledge, and received a mortal injury. The coppersmith Sebastian Lindenast had already departed in 1520. The blind Veit Stoss lived till the year 1542.

field, is quite horrible; and how widely at variance are the words and the works of Lutherans! I was in the beginning quite disposed to Lutheranism, and so was our Albrecht; for we thought that the Romish knavery, and the villany of the monks and priests, ought to be put an end to. But the Evangelical knaves make a still worse business of it. The Papists, after all, are at least at unity among themselves; but they who call themselves Evangelical are at the height of enmity with one another. We all considered Luther as a man enlightened by the Holy Spirit to establish a true Christian faith. "O God, is Luther dead?" Albrecht Dürer once wrote to me, when, some years ago, the report came that he had been murdered; "who will henceforward so distinctly explain to us the holy gospel as he did, who wrote more clearly than any before him? Pious Christians! help me to bewail as I ought the God-inspired man, and to put up a prayer, that the Spirit may enlighten others as it enlightened him. O Erasmus of Rotterdam,

where art thou!" Friend Albrecht afterwards acknowledged, with bitter sorrow, that he had been deceived in Erasmus.

My letter will appear strange to you, who know nothing in your parts of religious agitations, which change every thing, but improve nothing. All faith is trodden under foot, and no one is sure of his life and property. We are exceedingly ready with sermons and words, but works are not so quick in forthcoming. Yet I will not complain to you; but conclude with the consolatory words which Luther once uttered, that "matters are settled very differently in heaven and in Nürnberg."

WILIBALD PIRCKHEIMER.

Nürnberg, in the month of April, 1528."

An accompanying sheet contains a Latin elegy of Pirckheimer's on the death of his friend, and the inscription which he wrote for the grave, where Dürer was interred by the side of his father-in-law, Hans Frey. It was as follows:

ME[MORIÆ] AL[BERTI] DU[RERI]. QUICQUID AL-
BERTI DURERI MORTALE FUIT SUB HOC CONDI-
TUR TUMULO. EMIGRAVIT VIII. IDUS APRILIS
MDXXVIII.



(In memory of Albert Dürer. Albert Dürer's mortal remains rest underneath this monument. He departed on the 6th of April, 1528.)

I read the letter, but it was long before I had finished it, for a flood of tears prevented me. He is, then, passed away, and the blessings of peace with him, which once made Nürnberg glorious above all cities. Shall the ancient saying be verified, that some day a wagoner shall drive over it, and cracking his whip, say, *Here stood Nürnberg!* No—may merciful Heaven forbid it! The religious feuds which destroy the arts, as storms the tender flowers, will spend their rage, and not carry every thing away in their whirlwind. Though centuries should elapse before the guilt of the present be expiated, memory will one day revert anew to earlier glory,

and recal the names of illustrious artists, adorning, like a crown of stars, the city whose greatest pride was ALBERT DURER, THE GERMAN APELLES.



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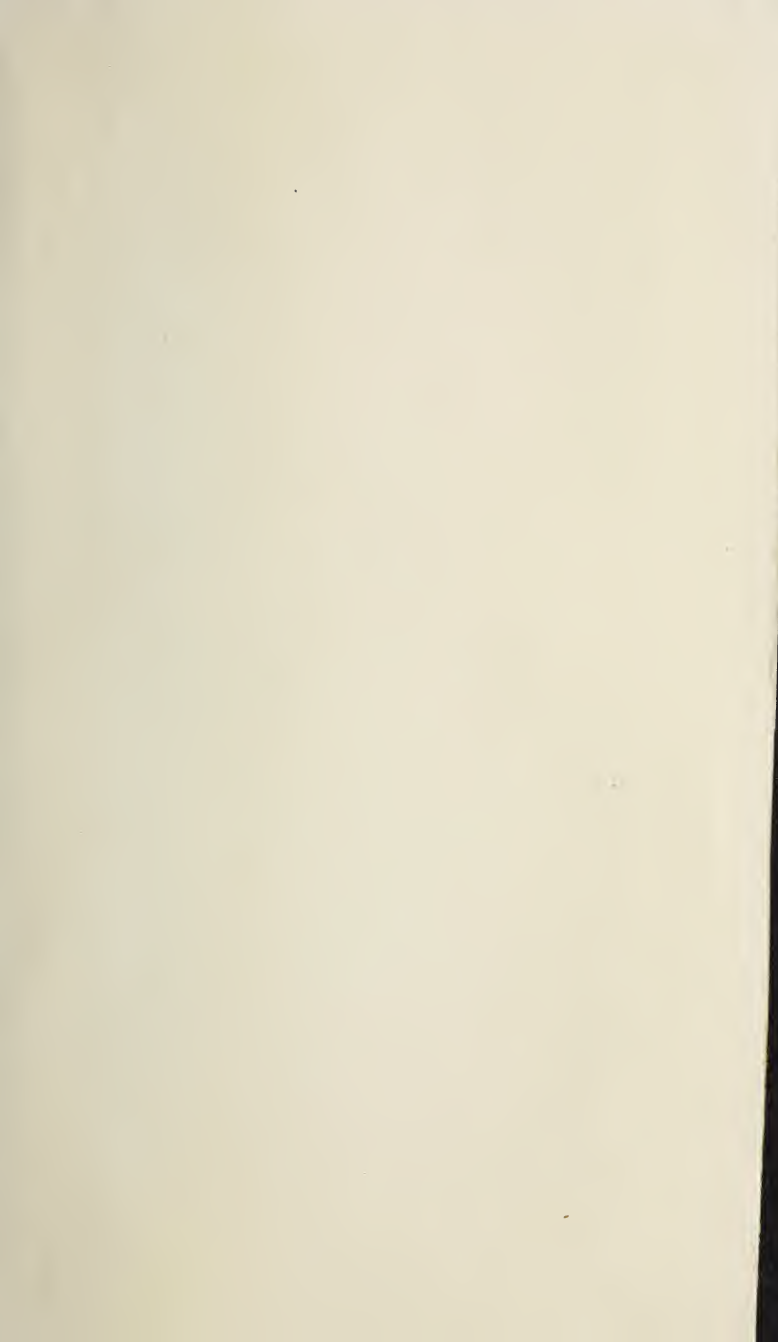
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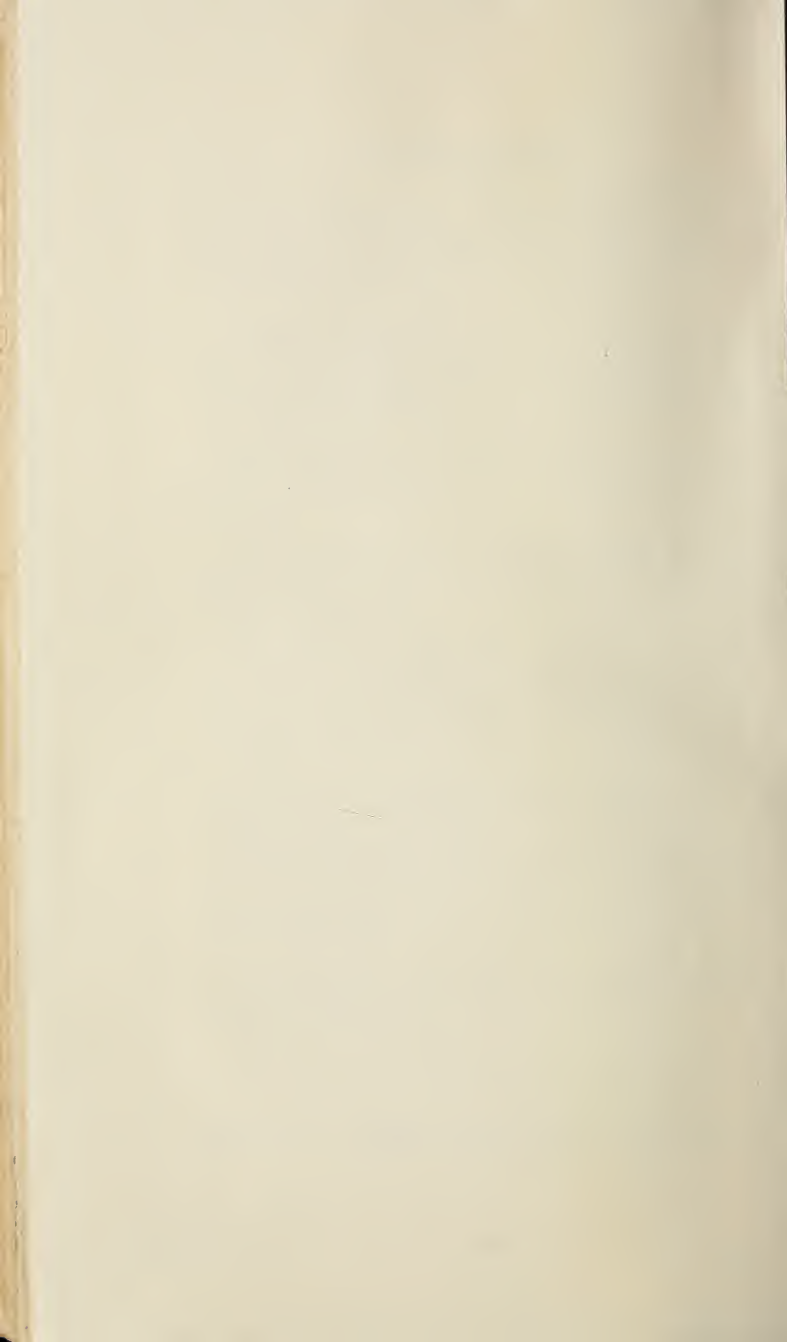
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